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T.R.B. *from Washington*

Sitting Duck

★ The real question of the 20th Century is whether America, with an antique system of government, can match Communism in adjusting to a new world. Here in Washington, with heavy hearts, we constantly see the nation hobbled. Educate our children better – ? We can't, because the bill can't clear the House committee. (Will historians really believe that, when they read it!) Faster economic growth – ? Fear of increased spending has contributed to three recessions in eight years. . . . The fantastic farm mess – ? Our political system simply can't meet the problem.

Now comes that most parochial of all issues, tariffs, tossed to an essentially parochial Congress. It requires a national solution but Congress is not constituted nationally. In the House of Representatives, for example, party responsibility short circuits out in picking Speaker, majority leader, committee chairmen and veto-wielding committees. It is different abroad – Canada, say. A Canadian or British MP can tell selfish local interests of his constituency that he must obey party policy and think nationally; it is a shield and buckler to him. The House member is on his own – a sitting duck for local groups. "Are you a Protectionist?" a Congressman was asked here. "No – but I am a Survivalist!"

One Percent on Top

★ The rich have got richer: That is the conclusion of Wisconsin University economist Robert Lampman ("The Share of the Top Wealth-Holders in National Wealth," just published, Princeton University Press). Wealth evened out from 1930-50. Then the great Wall Street bull market started that has continued (with stock inflation) almost continuously from 1949 down to today. In 1933 the top one percent of the rich owned 28.3 of the nation's gross wealth, Lampman estimates. Their share fell in the 30's and 40's. But now the top one percent is back, owning 28 percent of the gross wealth – just under their share in 1933.

In its first major action of 1962 Congress passed the controversial Du Pont relief bill over the protest of the Justice Department. This was aid for the "Top Wealth Holders." The bill provides tax relief for Du Pont stockholders receiving distribution of General Motors stock following the Supreme Court antitrust action breaking up this giant monopoly. Members of the princely Du Pont family, banded in their holding organization, Christiana Securities Co., pay a tax as low as 16 cents a GM share under the relief bill instead of $25 a share which they might have paid. And Congress has also cleared the way for the Du Pont family to continue monopoly control of GM, putting in doubt a supposed government anti-trust victory in a suit undertaken as long ago as 1949.

The Anti-Americans

★ A five-day "School of Anti-Communism" opened in Oakland, California, January 29. Mayors of 55 cities in the San Francisco Bay area proclaimed "Anti-Communism Week." The Christian Anti-Communism Crusade, the John Birch Society ("Eisenhower is a conscious, dedicated agent of the Communist conspiracy"), and Sen. Thomas Dodd (D., Conn.) were on hand. Financial backing – ? The super-patriots are wealthy! Technicolor Corporation and Schick Safety Razor will sponsor local coverage of the Oakland School; Richfield Oil Co. sponsored the three-hour rally, "Hollywood's Answer to Communism." You, as a taxpayer, really sponsor these rallies because the corporations putting up the money charge them off as tax deductible public service programs.

Here's a look around on the rest of the anti-American front: The House passed its usual $350,000 appropriation for the Un-American Activities Committee, only two members, Roosevelt (D., Cal.) and Ryan (D., N.Y.) publicly opposing . . . The Justice Department, February 1, starts the dreary task of kicking around the all-but-defunct corpse of the Communist Party, USA, and may resurrect it by generating the inevitable sense of underdog unfairness. . . . The House added a rider to the Post Office higher postage bill forbidding import of all "Communist political propaganda" without specifying what that is, but presumably reopening the whole silly question of banning cultural exchanges, Soviet magazines and mail generally. (The literal-minded Post Office once banned an issue of the London *Economist*, and a pre-1917 Russian book on chess.)

Butter-Pecan

★ Meanwhile Sen. John Stennis (D., Miss.) is doing a sensible job smothering another silly inquiry, that about "muzzling the military." He is pumping tons and tons of nonflammable foam on the hearings (over which he presides) like a fire brigade at a crash landing. Other Senators have obviously delegated this delicate job to Stennis, who, with suave courtesy and a butter-pecan accent is controlling firebrand Strom Thurmond (D., S.C.).

There have been one or two funny incidents. Lt. Gen. Arthur G. Trudeau, who finds time to run the Army's vital research and development while delivering 54 anti-Communist speeches a year, was asked to define "Fabian socialists," whom he linked with "Communists" in one censored speech. His tortured discomfort was very pleasing, though it hinted at why the US lags behind in space shots.

Another incident came when Gen. Thomas White, Air Force chief (ret.), was asked about complaints that speech-clearance of the Top Brass is handled by "low-level subordinates." And why not, was White's classic rejoinder; after all the speeches are written by low-level subordinates.

Farm areas have 27 more seats in the House of Representatives than population entitles them to according to a new study of malapportionment made by Congressional Quarterly: four in the East, 11 in the South, 8 in the Midwest and four in the West.

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Protected Farmers

THE WEEK

3. Protected Farmers; Trade Bill Salesmanship; Muting the Brass; Shaving with Sandpaper; Urban Affairs; Battle of ––grad; Coping with Castro; Moderation in Africa?

ARTICLES

9. Shift in the Cornbelt
by Donald R. Murphy
10. Brazil's Drift to Anarchy
by Louis Wiznitzer
11. The Superficial Aspect
by Gerald W. Johnson
12. The Final Price of Munich
by Keith Kyle
17. The Unhealthy Aged
by Christopher Jencks

DEPARTMENTS

20. Books *25. Movies* *28. Records*
29. Theater *30. Correspondence*

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The Common Market now has a common farm policy. If the member nations live up to the agreement for stage-by-stage tariff reduction reached at Brussels after a month of wrangling among the various national agricultural interests – each of them as entangled in price support and subsidy legislation as the farm community in the United States – the farmers of the Six will be selling at uniform prices within their market preserve by 1970. In the meantime, our own farmers may be expected to step up pressure on the Administration to bargain hard with this more independent West European customer, for the percentage of US production sold abroad runs twice as high for agriculture as for industry. The Trade Expansion Act sent to the Congress by the President last week appears somewhat suspect to export-conscious farm leaders who fear their interests may be compromised in order to get tariff concessions for US manufactured goods.

But in Western Europe, some bitterly opposed reforms will have to be put into effect before the terms of the Brussels agreement are translated into practical operating realities. Since agriculture in some of the Common Market countries (France and The Netherlands) is more productive than in others (West Germany and Italy), the size of farms will have to be drastically enlarged in certain areas. More than a million Common Market farmers will have to move out of agriculture altogether so as to provide the ones who remain with the additional acreage required for a better utilization of modern farm machinery and tillage methods. When a delegate at Brussels shouted, "This isn't integration, it's disintegration!" he may have sensed the upheaval ahead in the mass exodus from the countryside to the cities.

At present, the average size of Common Market farms is 20 acres, while 50 acres and back-breaking toil are required to maintain a decent level of subsistence by West European standards. American farms, on the other hand, average over 300 acres. Given the present agricultural population of the Common Market countries, each farm worker cultivates less than a twelfth the land that is available to each worker in the American farm economy. And although Western Europe has surpluses of agricultural products, as we do – because it has a fearsome array of price support programs, as we do – the more serious farm problem in Europe is plain, hard, grinding poverty.

This peasant poverty has been virtually enshrined in the Old World aristocratic tradition. Peasants, it is said, accustomed to work out of doors and to all kinds of weather, make the best soldiers; peasants

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are dependable, an anchor of conservatism in an age of revolution. Besides, a large farm population tends to make a nation self-sufficient, even if this self-sufficiency is uneconomic. Just now, Western Europe is about 90 percent self-sufficient in agricultural staples – and if the cost of production is disregarded, complete self-sufficiency in such basic products may yet be achieved.

How strongly will the Common Market's farm politicians cling to this antique image of agriculture? Americans should be able to understand the forces that impel West Europeans to go slow in rationalizing agriculture because we have similar problems which have been handled quite as cautiously by the present Administration as by its Democratic and Republican predecessors. We too have been hesitant to adapt our agricultural policies to the mid-twentieth century.

According to Secretary of Agriculture Freeman, 87 percent of the food and fiber grown in this country is produced by 40 percent of the nation's farms – a situation that has no counterpart in Western Europe. An index of the productivity and standard of living of our commercial farmers may be gathered from a casual inspection of the recipes and advertisements in American farm magazines. Indeed, the intellectual leader among these periodicals, *Better Farming Methods*, carries an article in its January issue which shows that a farmer need employ only one farmhand, full time, in order to earn a profit of $10,000 a year on any three of the most common midwestern types of farm operation (corn-hog, dairy, cash grain). This profit was figured in addition to the interest charge for the capital invested in the farm itself, which ranged from $5,000 to $9,000 more.

Since our farmers produce so much more per worker than West European farmers, we have little leverage, morally speaking, for persuading the Common Market countries to refrain from raising barriers against imports of American farm products in an effort to ease the internal adjustments the European planners must make in their own farm economies. Nor have we much of an economic argument so far as the exchange of farm products alone is concerned. Western Europe is our best hard dollar market for agricultural commodities. The Common Market alone takes some $1.1 billion of US farm products, but we import only $200 million of their produce.

The first agreement on tariff concessions on January 16 between the Common Market and the United States – probably the last under the present, limited Trade Agreement Act – shows which way the wind is likely to blow. American agricultural products that Common Market farmers cannot grow, such as cotton, are permitted continued free entry; but other products which Common Market countries do produce, but at costs higher than in this country, such as poultry and wheat, corn and other feed grains, were not given favorable treatment. Present controls on the importation of such products from the United States remain untouched.

Although Secretary Freeman, Senator Humphrey and GOP farm state spokesmen have been demanding tougher US bargaining, the opportunities for such bargaining in the near future are almost nil; if anything, the Six are likely to impose increasingly onerous restrictions on US farm products. Why is this? It is because bargainers on both sides are hobbled by their domestic policies of internal price supports with accompanying quotas on imports. This is the fundamental reason why the Administration – despite the disappointing record of the present Congress in the handling of corrective farm legislation last year, and the fact that we are now in an election year – should redouble its efforts to provide for the evolution of a more rational farm economy in the United States – one that does not attempt to give poor relief to low-production farmers by keeping prices of American farm products high. The majority of our farm people do not earn a decent living in agriculture, despite federal expenditures of between $2.5 and $4 billion on price supports alone. Although some 800,000 American farm families left agriculture in the five years between the two most recent (1954 and 1959) farm censuses, there are still too many who are clinging to a source of livelihood that progressively substitutes machinery for men.

Whatever happens to the President's total farm program in this session, the provisions for adjustment assistance for farm families discussed in the President's agriculture policy message on January 30, particularly job training and relocation aid, should be singled out for high priority by Congress. Once enough people are got out of unprofitable farming, we will find that those who remain are efficient enough to compete successfully in world markets with far less assistance, particularly in field crops. But the transition period will be as difficult for the US farmer as for his European counterpart. And until the US agricultural pattern has been recast, no amount of huffing and puffing in Washington will impress Western Europe.

Trade Bill Salesmanship

No one knows precisely what the immediate economic effects would be if the Administration's proposed Trade Expansion Act of 1962 went into effect tomorrow. Nor does anyone as yet know if the bill itself will pass the Congress without major surgery. Nonetheless, as things now stand, the concepts found in the bill by themselves warrant an authentic Great Debate.

The old Trade Agreements Act of 1934 underlying Cordell Hull's reciprocal trade program was not a

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clean break with the pre-existing body of American legislation. The 1934 Act was an amendment to 1930 legislation that brought protectionism to the high water mark of the Smoot-Hawley tariff. If it worked in practice to lower that high water mark, the '34 Act in its own way reaffirmed the central dogma of protectionism – namely, that any American producer had an inherent right to the remedy of a tariff increase if he would otherwise lie exposed to injury at the hands of a foreign competitor.

Thus, for example, the Act of 1934 provided that tariff duties should be *increased* as well as decreased according to the needs of various sectors of the American economy. At the same time, strict limits were imposed on the President's power to negotiate the shift of products from the "dutiable" to the "free list." And again, the tariff reductions the President could negotiate were progressively narrowed in scope as one moved from raw materials to semi-finished industrial goods, to finished industrial goods.

As a wholly new piece of legislation rising from a wholly new conceptual structure, the Trade Expansion Act of 1962 says that there can be no predetermined "peril point" of injury that would at once entitle an American producer to a tariff increase when the "peril point" is reached. Rather, the Tariff Commission will provide the President with information for case-by-case decisions on whether injury has in fact been suffered from foreign competition, and what, if any, the remedy should be.

Moreover, the remedy of a tariff increase is to be limited to cases plainly defined as being "extraordinary." The main remedy – and hence the expression of the government's obligation in the matter – is to be in the form of "adjustment assistance" designed to help American producers improve their competitive position or convert to more profitable lines of production. Even so, "adjustment assistance" is not to be forthcoming as a matter of routine. To qualify for it, a producer must submit a proposal showing how and where he means to use the assistance he feels he needs.

Nor is this all that is wholly new. Under the terms of the Administration's proposal, the President is empowered to conduct negotiations that will shift American goods from the "dutiable" to the "free list" where tariff duties stand at zero. And he is empowered to start the movement toward zero not from the bottom of the productive process – with raw materials – but at the top-most layer of finished industrial goods where American production is most efficient.

Because the new legislation does break with the past, the way the Administration puts the case for it can go far toward deciding what the Congress will do. If the case is put in bread and butter terms alone, it will arouse the jealousies of the Congress which traditionally regards itself as the main arbiter of the nation's economic interests. But if the Administration puts the case in terms of how the legislation fits into the grand design for a new Atlantic partnership – and it has begun to do this in recent days – it will bring to the support of the measure the inherent strength the President has whenever he invokes his own special authority as the chief architect of foreign policy.

Muting the Brass

Those who had studied the censorship procedures in the Departments of State and Defense were not surprised when Senator Stennis announced, after the first week of hearings before his Military Preparedness Subcommittee, that the machinery needed overhauling. Even before the hearings began Defense had been considering ways to make its review of officers' speeches less capricious and personally offensive.

The essence of the difficulty is that the review of military speeches for conformity to current national policy has been delegated, largely as a matter of convenience, to the same low level office in the Pentagon which checks for potential security leaks. High officers therefore feel that they are being censored by military subordinates, and this rubs the wrong way. Speeches which touch on foreign policy go to the State Department. Here the problem is not one of hierarchy, but simply that the censors never see the censored and often fail to explain the reasons for their deletions or emendations. Even someone who hasn't written his own speech finds this irritating.

It is difficult to see why the Pentagon should not adopt General Eisenhower's suggestion of giving the writings of officers the same kind of review which is given the writings of non-military public servants. Speeches of officers would then be examined and discussed by responsible civilian authorities, and if anyone took exception to an officer's remarks, the matter would be discussed and debated. If no agreement could be reached, the issue would go to higher echelons – ultimately, if it seemed called for, to the White House.

This would not weaken civilian authority over the military; if anything, it would increase it, for it would shift the Pentagon's review of speeches from an office staffed by career officers to civilian offices staffed by political appointees directly responsible to the President and, presumably, in tune with current Administration thinking.

Support for the present system of censorship comes mainly from those who fear that any change would be a change toward "militarizing" our society. Having witnessed the rapid growth of the military establishment in the last generation, and the transformation of

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officers from combat technicians into "authorities" on all manner of national and international controversies, these men recoil in horror at the idea of military men having ideas. Yet surely there is nothing that can be done to carry us back to the good old days when officers were mainly interested in horsemanship and navigation. Generals today occupy many positions with immense influence on civilian affairs. They cannot help that. They must try to remain non-partisan, but they cannot always succeed (was there a missile gap, or wasn't there?), and they certainly cannot keep their professional views from becoming a matter of political debate. Indeed, it would be dangerous if they could, for military policy is probably the most important single issue confronting the American people today. Under these circumstances there is no point trying to pretend that military officers can be removed from controversy. Instead, we ought to develop the same kind of checks and balances over Defense as over other government departments whose activities have long been recognized as subjects for open debate.

Shaving With Sandpaper

The Federal Trade Commission has not, over the years, compiled a distinguished record of protecting the consumer; nor has it been notably effective in protecting businessmen from each other's chicanery. Particularly in the last 20 years it has been largely staffed by unsuccessful candidates for elective office whom some Senator owed a debt, or by time-servers to whom higher wages in big business did not offset the less competitive calm of the big marble mausoleum on Pennsylvania Avenue.

The temper of the Commission was illustrated last May by the decision of hearing examiner William Pack upholding the right of Colgate-Palmolive to use fake sandpaper to sell shaving cream. In late 1959 Ted Bates, a Madison Avenue advertising agency, had arranged a series of TV commercials in which "sandpaper" was "shaved" with a razor after being "moisturized" with Palmolive Rapid Shave. The "sandpaper" was a plexiglass-and-sand mockup, because Palmolive Rapid Shave won't loosen the sand on real sandpaper enough for it to be shaved on television. Besides, real sandpaper doesn't look rough enough on a TV screen. According to Mr. Pack, the claim that Palmolive Rapid Shave could shave sandpaper was not "deceptive" advertising (forbidden by the Federal Trade Act), but mere "harmless exaggeration."

The appointment of Paul Rand Dixon and Philip Elman to the Commission by President Kennedy last year gave hope that more stringent standards would henceforth be enforced: Mr. Dixon had been counsel to Senator Kefauver's subcommittee investigating the drug industry; and Mr. Elman was counsel for the Department of Justice in a number of integration cases. The hope has been given substance by the Commission's reversal of Mr. Pack's verdict on Colgate-Palmolive and Ted Bates. They have been enjoined to cease and desist from such advertising.

The significance of this decision lies mainly in Commissioner Elman's opinion, not in the decision itself. Even if it were possible to shave real sandpaper with Palmolive Rapid Shave, Elman said, it would have been deceptive to pretend to do so when you were actually shaving a plexiglass mockup. Similarly, if a certain kind of detergent gets clothes completely white, it would not be legitimate to convey this impression by wearing a blue shirt which shows up white on TV. In brief: "The limitations of the medium may present a challenge to the creative ingenuity and resourcefulness of copywriters; but surely they could not constitute lawful justification for resort to falsehood and deception of the public."

If Commissioner Elman intends to rid television of deception and misrepresentation, he has set out to cleanse an Augean stable. The number of misleading claims made on television, especially in behalf of patent medicines, must run into hundreds a week. Yet if television is not to become a complete fairyland, in which even little children are trained to discount half of what they see as lies, and the other half as fantasy, a beginning must be made somewhere. The bitter attacks from Madison Avenue on the Commission's decision already indicate that this decision is only a beginning.

Urban Affairs

The President's announcement that, since the House Rules Committee would not permit the bill to establish a Department of Urban Affairs to come to a vote, he will establish the Department by executive fiat and appoint a Negro to head it has been called a mean political trick. It surely is; for the charge that was to have blown up Mr. Kennedy has blown the GOP-Dixiecrat coalition sky high.

The coalition's idea seems to have been to pin Mr. Kennedy's ears back so he would know who is boss right from the start of the session, and the bill to establish a Department of Urban Affairs seemed an implement ideally suited to the purpose. It presented an issue carrying no great emotional charge, therefore safe to handle roughly; and it was a Kennedy idea, therefore the slap would land squarely on the President. To strangle the bill in committee would not provoke a revolt in the House, and all the Republican members of Rules plus four Dixiecrat allies were enough to do it.

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And now what is the situation? There will be a Department! The House will have 60 days within which to kill it; but it can do so only by record vote. Instead of merely refusing to aid the big cities, Republican members will have to vote to take away the aid that the President has given them. Instead of refusing to seat a Negro in the Cabinet, they will have to kick out one who is already there. In the meanwhile, Senator Dirksen is left to mutter of a "commission" to look into the whole idea.

The Battle of _____grad

In describing the Teheran Conference of November, 1943, the biographer of Stalin and Trotsky, Isaac Deutscher, writes: "Towards the end of the conference . . . [Stalin] received from Churchill's hand a sword of honor sent by the King for the city of Stalingrad. Roosevelt related afterwards that he saw tears in Stalin's eyes, when Stalin, in a strange posture of chivalrous romanticism, bowed to kiss the sword. The tears may seem out of character, but perhaps Stalin was overwhelmed with emotion."

Eighteen years later, also in the month of November, the city that had been the symbol of Soviet resistance changed its name to Volgograd – in line, so the official decree tells us, with "the wishes and demands" of its people. But there seems to be some doubt about the latter. The dismantling of the Stalingrad signs at night, stealthily, hurriedly; the ironic and even contemptuous remarks of people on the streets; the stories of bitter debates at Party meetings with which visiting foreigners have recently been regaled – all this seems to suggest that whatever the reaction of the population to "de-Stalinization" in general, they regard the change of name not so much as a blow against the late dictator as against their own proud past. It is a different matter and no great offense to national pride to obliterate the names of Molotov, Voroshilov, Malenkov and Kagonovich from public landmarks—as the Supreme Soviet ordered last week.

Be that as it may, Volgograd it is, and only one further question remained to be settled. Would the Battle of Stalingrad – an event epitomized in hundreds of novels, plays, poems, and personal memoirs – continue to be referred to by that name? An article by Marshal of Artillery V. Kazakov in a recent issue of the Soviet English language weekly *Moscow News* gives the answer: "On November 19, 1942, the thunder of Soviet artillery heralded the beginning of the Soviet counter-offensive at Volgograd*, which culminated in the surrounding and routing of a 330,000-strong army of German fascist invaders, a feat which is unprecedented in history." The footnote, in appropriately small print, says: "*Formerly Stalingrad. The city was renamed by a Decree of the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet of the Russian Federation of November 10, 1961, in compliance with requests from collectives of industrial enterprises, construction sites, collective farms, and institutions, and from mass organizations of the region (now named Volgograd Region)."

"Stop Asking for Stalingrad Stories! There Is No Stalingrad!"

Coping with Castro

At the meeting of the hemisphere's Foreign Ministers in the resort town of Punta del Este last week the US for the second time had to accept far less severe action against Castro than it wanted. With 12 of the 20 Latin American republics already lined up, Secretary Rusk hoped to persuade three or four more to vote for a collective break in diplomatic and trade relations with Cuba. But despite careful advance preparations and an implied threat to deny Alliance for Progress funds to nations that did not go along, the Secretary's eloquent final plea failed to persuade the necessary two-thirds of the nations present. Seven Latin nations, including all of the "Big Four" (Argentina, Brazil, Chile, and

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Mexico), were unwilling to support the initial US plan. And though Argentina and Chile did support in principle a "compromise" to "suspend" the Cuban regime from hemisphere councils, the general impression created in Latin America is that Washington got less than it wanted.

The reasons for this continued hesitation to expel a self-confessed Communist regime from the Organization of American States are varied. Despite sharp losses in popularity during past years, Castro still retains some loyalty among student groups, labor leaders, leftist politicians, and out-and-out *fidelistas*. The recent assassination of Guatemala's secret police chief, the resignation of Uruguay's Foreign Minister because his government refused to take an anti-Castro stand, and the armed uprisings in Venezuela are evidence of Castro's continuing influence and ruthless willingness to use it. Argentina, mired in economic troubles and facing an election this spring, did not wish to arouse its vociferous leftist groups. Mexico's opposition to sanctions is also based on a desire to keep the issue out of domestic politics, and on the mystique of agrarian reform, nationalism, and the Revolution. Brazil's President Goulart, who comes closest to direct sympathy with Castro, suggested a formula for coexistence even with an admitted member of the Soviet bloc. Even Colombia, which proposed the conference in the first place, has declared its opposition to any interference in Cuba's internal affairs.

Given these attitudes, the very strong US delegation at Punta del Este was doubtless wise not to insist on the unattainable. But one result of their failure to bring back any tangible proof of hemispheric determination to undermine Castro may be an increasingly rough task in piloting Alliance for Progress funds through Congress. Haiti and Bolivia, two of the governments which blocked decisive action against Cuba, have for years been so dependent on US aid that their economies would collapse if it were withdrawn, yet neither went along in initial voting with Secretary Rusk.

Moderation in Africa?

Jomo Kenyatta, leader of the Kenya African National Union, says that whites should be forced to address Africans as *bwana*, or "master/sir." This has never been the view of Julius Nyerere, who guided neighboring Tanganyika to independence last December after 77 years as colony, mandate and trust territory. With Nyerere as Prime Minister, Tanganyika offered hope that moderate racial policies might yet prevail in East Africa. But last week the 40-year-old ex-teacher suddenly resigned, appointed the relatively unknown Rashidi Kawawa in his place, reshuffled the Cabinet and returned full-time to the Tanganyika African National Union (TANU) – the party he founded in 1954. Ostensibly, Nyerere is retiring temporarily in order to concentrate on grassroots party organization. He wants Tanganyika to set an example of non-racialism for Africa. And so, he will tour the villages and tell his followers to treat the 22,000 white Tanganyikans and the 105,000 Asians and Arabs (who are particularly vulnerable) with charity.

But his resignation also reflects rising internal tensions. Younger TANU leaders want to flex their national muscles and to assert their independence of all manner of foreign dominance. They want to Africanize the civil service much faster than Nyerere thinks wise. They want to develop their poor country of 9.5 million people much more rapidly than most Western economists think practicable. In reshuffling the cabinet Nyerere therefore had to drop Sir Ernest Vasey, his hand-picked finance minister (an expatriate who could not qualify for local citizenship). Oscar Kambona, the most impatient of Nyerere's juniors, likewise was transferred from the ministry of education to the ministry of home affairs (internal security and immigration).

The new Prime Minister is younger (32) than Nyerere and superficially connected as a trade unionist with the more radical wing of TANU, but his loyalty to Nyerere is unquestionable. For the last seven months he has run the Prime Minister's office as minister-without-portfolio, and his policies are not expected to deviate sharply from his predecessor's. Moreover, Nyerere will not be far from the locus of power during Kawana's stewardship. Many expect him to return to the capital soon, probably as president of a Republic of Tanganyika (it now recognizes Queen Elizabeth II as its sovereign). As in the case of U Nu and Tenku Abdul Rahman, a step back may mean two steps forward. With added support he should be able to hold the line for non-racial policies. If he fails, so fails the cause of racial co-existence in Africa. If he succeeds, he would become an even more persuasive choice for East Africa's first federal prime minister.

THE EDITORS TAKE PLEASURE . . .

in announcing the appointment as Contributing Editor of Morton H. Halperin, a research associate of the Harvard Center for International Affairs. Mr. Halperin is co-author of Strategy and Arms Control *and teaches (with Henry A. Kissinger) the Harvard Defense Policy Seminar. He is a consultant on arms control and national security policy to the Department of Defense and private research institutions.*

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Shift in the Corn Belt

Des Moines, Iowa

Protestant farmers out in the corn belt weren't very kind to Mr. Kennedy in the 1960 election. Election results in Wisconsin show in some detail how badly hurt Kennedy was in some farm districts by his religion. Governor Nelson, a Protestant and a Democrat, was running for re-election in 1960. In 1958 he had gotten 56 percent of the farm vote. Nelson got 53.6 percent of the farm vote; Kennedy got 47.6 percent. But the really telling point is this: Of farm Protestant Democrats who voted for Nelson, over one-fourth jumped the fence and voted for Nixon. How do those farmers feel now?

The *Wisconsin Agriculturalist* Poll (a reasonably accurate predictor of past voting trends), recently asked: "What kind of a job do you think Nelson (Kennedy) is doing now?" The breakdown for *all* farmers was:

	Nelson, 1961	Kennedy, 1961
Good	30 percent	43 percent
Fair	40	36
Poor	11	4
Undecided	19	17

It looks as if President Kennedy is now slightly more popular on Wisconsin farms than Governor Nelson. If these trends continue, Kennedy may be more of an asset to the state Democratic ticket in 1962 than he was in 1960—especially out in Lutheran farm territory.

How did Kennedy pick up this extra strength? Apparently from Protestants who voted for Nixon in 1960. This is the way that group lined up in 1961:

Kennedy doing:

Good job	23 percent
Fair job	45
Poor job	9
Undecided	23

These former Nixonites aren't quite so pro-Kennedy as Wisconsin as a whole, but almost.

In Iowa, Kennedy got 45.6 percent of the farm vote in 1960. A good many farm Protestants shied away from him. Governor Loveless (Democrat) ran for the Senate against Jack Miller (Republican) and only got 51 percent of the farm vote. That wasn't enough. In Iowa, a Democrat usually has to get 53 percent or more of the farm vote in order to make it.

The Loveless-Miller contest produced one campaign oddity. Jack Miller, the present junior Senator from Iowa, happens to be a Catholic. But the GOP carefully ignored that fact in the campaign. And the Democrats, chafing, could see no way of making use of it. So the well-publicized Catholicism of Kennedy pulled down his vote, while the unknown Catholicism of Miller apparently did him no harm at all.

How do Iowa farmers feel about Kennedy now? In late 1961, the usual question, "What kind of a job, etc." was asked by *Wallaces Farmer*. Kennedy's standing in 1961 was compared with Eisenhower's in 1953.

	Eisenhower, 1953	Kennedy, 1961
Good	41 percent	55 percent
Fair	47	33
Poor	8	5
Undecided	4	7

This makes Kennedy stronger among farmers than he was in 1960. Where did he pick up the strength? As in Wisconsin, he got extra support from Protestant farmers who voted for Nixon. This was how they defined their views on Kennedy a year after the election:

Good job	37 percent
Fair	44
Poor	8
Undecided	11

The total Iowa farm vote gives Kennedy a combined "good" and "fair" score of 88 percent. The Nixon Protestant vote gives Kennedy a combined "good" and "fair" score of 81 percent. Have Iowa Methodists stopped worrying about the Pope in the White House?

Secretary of Agriculture Freeman, incidentally, does not score as high as his chief in Wisconsin, but does almost as well in Iowa. In Wisconsin the combined "good" and "fair" score for Freeman was only 59 percent. In Iowa, the combined favorable score was 82 percent. The feed grain program strengthened Freeman in Iowa, but didn't do much for him in Wisconsin.

The American Farm Bureau Federation has opposed the Kennedy-Freeman farm programs. Yet in Iowa, Farm Bureau men gave Kennedy 49 percent "good" and 43 percent "fair."

It seems clear that some Protestant hostility to a Catholic president has worn off. But what do these surveys mean, if anything, in terms of the 1962 elections? Neither Kennedy nor Freeman will be on the ballot. Will Kennedy's apparent popularity among farmers rub off on Democratic candidates? Eisenhower was well-liked in 1958, but that didn't seem to help the GOP.

Donald R. Murphy

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"CORRUPTION, ROBBERY, MISERY AND STAGNATION"

Brazil's Drift to Anarchy

Rio de Janeiro

A wave of terror has spread over Brazil. In Rio, the headquarters of the radical UNE (National Student Organization) has been attacked with machine guns and hand grenades. In Sao Paulo, the building of *Ultima Hora*, a leftish evening paper, has been partly destroyed in the same manner. In the north, near Recife, shots have been fired at the headquarters of DCT (a labor union). In the south, "gaucho" terrorists have tried to invade a radio station in Porto Alegre to proclaim their manifesto, which, as it turned out later, consisted of right-wing slogans reminiscent of Goebbels. In the state of Rio Grande, a secret organization of "*primadistas gauchos*," as they call themselves, has its members wear masks in the fashion of the Ku Klux Klan and uses the double-headed Nazi eagle as its symbol. In Santos, the liberal newspaper *Diario* has been receiving threatening phone calls.

On the other side, politically speaking, Juliao, Brazil's Fidel Castro, having organized 20,000 peasants in the northeast of Brazil, is now traveling all over the country in an attempt to organize further "peasant leagues" and even "urban leagues." He threatens to march on Brasilia. All over the country slogans have appeared on walls calling for an all-out war against Communism and signed "MAC" (Anti-Communist Movement). Whether such an organization really exists or whether this terrorism is the work of Communists trying to spread confusion is not yet clear. Some conservative circles claim that MAC stands for McCarthy and is a Communist smear campaign aiming at counter-violence.

Both Juliao's peasant leagues and the terrorists' slogans, bombings and machine-gunnings represent a novelty, a new stage of the Brazilian scene. Temperamentally different from the Spanish South Americans, the Brazilians have traditionally managed to solve their problems and conflicts peacefully. The army has in the past weighed heavily in politics, but usually in support of the constitution. Even Dictator-President Vargas resigned and committed suicide when the army opposed him, rather than attempting a bloody resistance. After Janio Quadros' resignation last fall, both the country and the army were divided and Brazil was near civil war. But when both sides had displayed their forces and made the count they decided for a compromise.

But the economic and social order had been slowly disintegrating for years, and after Quadros' departure they fell apart. Under Vargas and under Kubitschek a single group was in power each time, so that corruption and stealing were to some extent limited. With Goulart and the parliamentary regime the government is a coalition which depends on a shortsighted and corrupt parliament and can only run by making deals among the various factions. Half a dozen groups instead of one are plundering the taxpayers and public.

The corruption, robbery, misery and stagnation have become such that part of the middle class has been attracted to a left-wing group called the "FLN" (Front of National Liberation). The leaders are unprincipled demagogues like Governor Brizola and Governor Mauro Borges, but behind the scenes real Marxists and old guard Communists have begun to pull the strings. If the movement comes to power, either through violence or at the congressional elections late this summer, the Communists plan to take over and eliminate their partners much as they did in Spain and Cuba. Yet they may find themselves outmaneuvered; the FLN could be a vehicle for the still popular Quadros.

In response, men like Governor Carlos Lacerda and some advisers of ex-President Kubitschek and of Marshal Odilon Denys, as well as military people like Admiral Heck, contemplate a *golpe* (*i.e.*, coup) which would "save the country from subversion" by establishing a military dictatorship, perhaps headed by the popular Kubitschek if he can be dragooned into the scheme. But the middle class is not solidly behind a coup. Many think that a dictatorship of the right would only lead to a counter-revolution and to Castro-Communism. Even those who want a coup admit that the army is still divided, that the young officers have been infiltrated with leftist ideas, that much work must be done before a coup could succeed, and that nothing could be worse than to attempt a coup and fail.

As for President Goulart, he is biding his time. He has not yet decided whether to play on the right or on the left. His private secretary, Raul Ryff, holds a Communist Party card. But Goulart came out against strikers recently in Sao Paulo. He has asked the State Department to postpone for some time his trip to Washington. Brazil's position with reference to Cuba is also ambiguous, another attempt to gain time. Meanwhile, the violence that is spreading for the first time in this country's history is like volcanic bubbles before a violent earthquake. Brazil may become not a Cuba but a China.

LOUIS L. WIZNITZER

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Bread and Boredom

If peace should break out tomorrow, the resultant devastation might be only less serious than that of a nuclear war. Peace, says Eisenhower, is inevitable but, mercifully, it is unlikely to come suddenly. In all probability we shall sink into it by slow degrees, with time for adjustments that will make its hardships bearable. Adjustments, however, will be necessary and the preliminary steps toward making them are already engaging the attention of our more far-sighted pundits.

In the same week, for example, we had the report of the Committee for Economic Development, cautiously optimistic provided a high level of employment is maintained, and the independent report of the economist, W. H. Ferry, pointing out that the present level of employment depends upon perpetuation of the cold war, and even that is uncertain if automation continues to accelerate. The cold war has the effect of taking three million men directly, and at least as many more indirectly, out of production of marketable goods and services. If the cold war were to end suddenly, six million men would be dumped into the labor market that already has a surplus of five million, raising total unemployment to eleven million; and the effect of that can be better imagined than described.

Ferry is persuaded that the comfortable old economic theory that technological development creates new jobs faster than it abolishes old ones no longer holds good. Obviously, it doesn't hold in agriculture, as is proved by the steady dwindling of the farm population paralelled by a steady increase in agricultural production; nor in steel that can now supply the market while operating at materially less than 100 percent capacity.

If this condition prevails generally throughout the economy, then it is plain that the five million now unemployed will never work again. Then if the cold war ended and the soldiers came home, the sailors came ashore, the bomber crews came down, and the munitions makers were laid off, the number of the permanently unemployed would be at least doubled.

Calculation of the economic effect of having on our hands ten or twelve million unneeded workers may be left to the economists, but calculation of the social effect cannot be left to the professionals because it is something that every voter will have to take into account. People want to work, and not altogether for the money they make. They like to work. The phenomenon of "moonlighting" shows it. All over the country men reduced to a five-day, or a twenty-five-hour week, are taking on extra jobs in such numbers that they are a serious problem. They don't have to have the money in order to live; but they do have to have the work to escape boredom that makes life not worth living.

Prevent moonlighting and you throw them back on their own resources, which in many cases are inadequate. They will therefore lend a ready ear to anyone who suggests a way to relieve the tedium of life, and it will not be long before some demagogue arises to point out to them that the most exciting of all outdoor sports is man-hunting. The Communists consistently employ that technique as the foundation of domestic policy. How long would Khrushchev last without inculcating hatred and fear of the "imperialists" to keep his helots in line? Anybody can lead a mob as long as he can keep its lynching spirit at white heat.

All this is by way of suggesting that the future of this republic leans as heavily on a sound emotional as upon a sound economic policy. The demagogues know it, and act accordingly; but our honest leaders are curiously blind to the fact. "Bread and circuses," they know, kept the Roman populace in order for a long time; but they don't seem to realize that it was bread *and* circuses. As long as getting the bread was an absorbing circus in itself they didn't need to realize it, but now that the bread comes fairly easily, the rest demands attention.

This is not intended to suggest that we should revert to the practice of throwing assorted Christians to the lions, although the late Joe McCarthy did pretty well with something along that line; but it is intended to suggest that we should devise something better, yet equally effective. The United States will never go Communist. No free nation ever yet went Communist voluntarily. But it may go Fascist, and if it does it will not be out of conviction, but out of sheer boredom. We have five millions now, and thereafter we are likely to have more millions, who will need bread, and even more important, who will also need entertainment. The obvious and immediately available form of entertainment is lynching; but competent leadership can furnish something better.

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Keith Kyle

The Final Price of Munich

"The United States had its chance in 1938 to contain Communism along the old Polish border. . . . The lesson of the Thirties is that one must pay the cumulative price of opportunities missed."

Have great nations nothing better to offer the world than periodic assertions that they have "guts," "backbone" and "national will"? It is in these terms that public opinion seems to operate in the Western democracies (in Britain the "marchers" and "sitters down" against nuclear weapons are reactions in a comparable idiom, the reverse side of the coin). Leaders are terrified that if they entertain alternative policies, the public will be so demoralized that it will cease to screw itself up to virile defiance of nuclear terror and will relapse into "Munichism." Perhaps they are right; but in that case we must resign ourselves to nuclear war.

Munich has put the world in peril since World War II far more than it did in 1938. I am not saying we should not learn from experience; but where there was a mistake, let us first be quite certain wherein the mistake lay and then let us not try to set it right by acting today as we feel we should have acted yesterday. This, after all, was the heresy of Sir Anthony Eden who acted against Nasser's seizure of the Suez Canal as he felt he should have acted against Hitler's reoccupation of the Rhineland 20 years before, when Eden was Foreign Secretary.

Just about everything in Eden's analysis was mistaken. He was wrong about Nasser – who had neither the industrial base, the military capacity, nor (as the Syrian fiasco proved), the political flair to be a Hitler. Neither was Nasser a Communist agent, nor even, as the Russians have since found out, a particularly helpful or amenable Russian tool. Eden was also wrong about the danger of British industry's "fuel-pipe" being throttled – since the Egyptians run the Canal perfectly well, there is a world oil surplus, and the current problem with British fuel is whether to keep oil out in order to protect the home market for British coal. Eden was even wrong about the likely international response, especially from the US and the UN. Is not this lamentable exercise in retrospective Walter Mittyism some warning for American publicists who, with encouragement from the Germans, of all people, are forever beating the "Munich" warning-drum over Berlin?

The problem that was set to the democratic leaders of the 1930's was how to stop the Germans under Hitler from wrecking European civilization without having to pay the unsavory price of letting the Russians into Central Europe. If a full-scale land war was necessary, a big price would have to be paid to the Russians, who would have to do most of the fighting and suffer most of the casualties. There were two ways in which Britain could have played it differently than Baldwin, Chamberlain, Halifax, Hoare, Simon and the other appeasers chose to do. They could have destroyed the Hitler regime by lightning military action *before* Hitler had built up his armies *and* while the Russians were too preoccupied by internal turmoil to take any advantage of events. The best time to have done this would have been in 1936, when the reoccupation of the Rhineland supplied the occasion. Hitler's armies were not ready; France's had overwhelming superiority. The toppling of Hitler could have been accompanied with a reissue of Briand's 1930 plan for the confederation of Europe, thus fortifying it against subsequent Russian pressure. The second way would have been not to have gone to war in 1939 (when the cause was not as good as in 1938) – and to have let Germany and Russia fight it out by themselves.

There are plenty of explanations, none of them sinister, of why the first policy was not followed. They are set out clearly in Mr. A. J. P. Taylor's brilliant book, *The Origins of the Second World War*. This is a profoundly compassionate work in that it seeks to show how the arguments that in fact weighed with the personalities involved at the time must have seemed reasonable to them. I remain unconvinced that British public opinion was an absolute barrier to action at the time. The government had after all just won an overwhelming electoral victory on a mandate which expressed support for collective security and the League (and its first Foreign Secretary had shortly afterwards been obliged to resign by public outcry because he seemed to depart from that mandate by appeasing Mussolini over Abyssinia). A leader with flair could

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have educated the public on the importance of action; and resolute Anglo-French initiative should have been able to obtain some sort of verbal umbrella from the League, rather as President Truman was able to do in 1950 over Korea.

But that was not to be, and the lesson of the Thirties is that one must pay the cumulative price of opportunities missed. The emphasis in such a conclusion is on both its parts – the opportunities should not be missed if one does not want to forfeit the price, and once they have been missed *one must pay*. Once German rearmament was really complete, German expansion could not be stopped without Russian manpower. And the price of Russian help in saving Western Europe was Russian domination of Eastern Europe.

"The Absent Are Never Right"

It must appear very tiresome to Americans that it is they who should be called upon to pay for the failure of the British and French to act in 1936. But if it really is Munich that American publicists want to talk about, the harsh reality is that once the British and French had missed the chance of acting alone in 1936 there was no subsequent occasion (with the conceivable exception of the Austrian crisis of March, 1938) when they could have done so with success. Only one circumstance could then have averted the need to connive at bringing Russia into Central Europe: the wholehearted intervention of the United States in the affairs of Europe on the side of Britain, France, Czechoslovakia and the Versailles settlement. If the US had, even as late as the spring of 1938, joined the League and signed a "NATO" agreement with Britain and France, it might have been possible to stand firm over Czechoslovakia while keeping Russia within her boundaries.

This was not considered at the time to be even a remote possibility. Americans were entitled to remain isolationists, just as the British were entitled not to go to war over Czechoslovakia. But in terms of historical vindication, "the absent are never right." The United States had its chance in 1938 of containing Soviet Communism along the line of the old Polish border, just as Britain and France had had the chance of doing this without the United States in 1936. From 1944 onward the United States, by interventionist policies, has put itself and its Western allies in a position to contain Soviet Communism along the line of the Elbe. That is the story of Munich; that is the lesson to be learned.

Without the United States (and the US remained absent *until the Germans declared war on her*), Hitler could only have been destroyed in 1938, 1939, 1941 or any other year by accepting Russian help. The terms which the Russians explicitly demanded in the summer of 1939 (and implicity during the Czechoslovak crisis of 1938) were such that the British and French leaders felt that they could not honorably accept them. But the Russians had a pretty fair idea of who would have to suffer the greatest casualties and material loss from a joint war with the Germans. Their price was the swallowing of the Baltic states and the treaty right to march into Poland and Romania so as to come to grips with the Germans outside Soviet territory. If the British and French had been prepared to pay this price and had taken the line with the Poles suggested by David Lloyd George ("If we are going in without the help of the Russians we are walking into a trap. . . . It is for us to declare the conditions, and unless the Poles are prepared to accept the only conditions with which we can successfully help them the responsibility must be theirs"), it might have been possible to bring Hitler down over the Danzig issue. The German armies were not as ready in 1939 to undertake the invasion of Russia as they were in 1941 and the French forces behind the Maginot line were still in being. Once the Russians had got their forces into Poland it probably would have been very difficult to get them out, and the Poles might well have lost their Eastern territories without getting so much of Germany in compensation as they did in 1945. There is not much point in speculating about the military outcome of such a war in 1939 (or in 1938 if the Russians had been encouraged to march across Romania to help the Czechs), but it is at least possible that the Germans could have been defeated without the necessity to occupy Germany as in 1945. The line of Communist influence would have moved west but not so far west – and *would have rested on an internationally recognized international frontier.*

However that may be, the chance was not taken; by the time the Russo-German War actually started both sides were stronger than they had been in 1939; the war was all the more terrible and the requirements of the victors all the more exacting. The Russians did not regard the help they received from the West (in the form of supplies and the Second Front) as giving their allies the right to deprive them of the fruits of a victory, won at appalling cost.

There has been much discussion about whether Churchill or Roosevelt showed the more political foresight in conducting the war, usually to the discredit of Roosevelt and, especially in the United States, the great advantage of Churchill. Again, opportunities were missed. But the fact is that *neither* of them devoted anything like sufficient sustained effort to the planning of peace, once it was clear (after Stalingrad and the setting in motion of Operation Overlord) that German defeat was inevitable. Churchill allowed himself to be too much caught up with military minutiae – as Smuts on at least one occasion informed him frankly, begging him to forget about the movement of bat-

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talions and think more about the future political shape of Europe. Roosevelt was too often preoccupied with domestic political minutiae – not a wholly irrelevant consideration in view of what happened in 1919, but another example of the fatality of thinking of history as circular motion; this time more thought was given to getting a treaty ratified than to getting it signed.

The Origins of the Berlin Problem

There is a neglected but astonishing passage in Churchill's war memoirs in which he explains that the task of drawing the zonal boundaries of the occupation forces in Germany was assigned in 1943 to a rather low-level commission of officials (Winant, Gusev, Strang), who by the following year had drawn what are now the most important frontiers in the world: the border of East and West running through Germany, with the exceedingly awkward arrangement of joint occupation of Berlin, without any explicit provision for the lines of communication between the Western forces and their Berlin garrisons. Churchill remarks lamely that by the time the commission reported everybody's mind was on other things, and the contingencies with which it dealt seemed distant and remote. When Lord Attlee, who had been detailed by the Prime Minister to keep an eye on the commission's work, told him what it had accomplished, Sir Winston did not even bother to inform the War Cabinet.

Later of course Churchill did attach importance to Anglo-American forces ending up as far east as possible. Controversy has turned on whether General Eisenhower was too narrowly military in the exercise of his prerogatives as Supreme Commander. But General Eisenhower has pointed out quite correctly that there was no point in incurring unnecessary casualties and strategic risks to get first to Berlin – unless his political bosses proposed to dishonor the undertakings about occupation zones already entered into with the Russians. The story of the European Commission which drew up the ground rules for the occupation of Germany has not been fully told. But we have had accounts from two of the men involved – Lord Strang, the British delegate, and Mr. Philip Mosely, adviser to the late Mr. Winant, representing the United States. According to them the prime consideration at the time was the Anglo-American fear that the Russians, having expelled the Germans from all the Eastern lands they had invaded, would stop dead on the German frontier and leave the rest of the fighting to the West. Given all that was known in 1943 of the Russian and Communist record this was surely an unlikely fear. All the same, if this was the Anglo-American motive the Western negotiators must have thought that in offering the Russians a substantial occupation zone, including all the approaches to Berlin, they were laying a tempting bait. What in the wide world did they think the Russians were going to do with it? The West paid up (very promptly and honestly, to be sure) and then demanded as an implied term of the contract that the Russians behave like a Western democracy.

After the war, the Western leaders had to put up with an inordinate amount of abusive, rigid, contemptuous and self-righteous treatment from Stalin and Molotov, much of it, as the Russians seem now to have realized, unnecessary to achieve Soviet ends and even counter-productive. The Russians forfeited their chance of percolating their influence effectively throughout Europe; they had to dig in where they had military occupation. Then the crowning folly of the Korean escapade solidified the rejection of Communism by all European nations without Soviet occupation troops, the isolation of domestic Communists in these countries, the restoration of Western Germany as a Power and the full peace-time commitment of the United States to the defense of non-Communist Europe. The West had won the negative victories in Europe and in the Far East which were all that it was open to them to win, unless they were willing to use the "Bomb."

But the allied powers have so far seemed no more capable of using these limited victories intelligently than they were of handling German "unconditional surrender." The reason was the same in both cases; an addiction to the superficial wisdom which says that when you are in a fight you think only of winning. The radical change for the better that has occurred since 1950 has been the emergence of Europe from the Elbe to the Pyrenees as a prosperous economic power which will soon be an equal partner of the United States. With luck the economic union will lead fairly rapidly to a political union. The brake on the development of genuinely federal political institutions imposed by General de Gaulle's formula of a "Europe des Patries" gives time for Britain to catch up with the Six. The formula is likely to disappear with de Gaulle and everyone will by then be ready to move forward on the political front.

The Communists cannot undo this development. It is their own fault that Europe beyond the Elbe is barricaded against their influence and they will have to put up with it. If at an earlier stage they had been prepared to abandon Ulbricht by agreeing to free elections throughout Germany they could probably have secured in return rather stringent peace terms covering the whole of reunited Germany which would have, for the time being, immobilized their former enemy internationally, prevented any of Germany from being structurally integrated into the West, and left open the opportunity of a Rapallo-like diplomatic revolution in which Germany would realign itself with the Soviet

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Union. These are chances which Russia has forfeited and which will not occur again in this form.

The British application to join the Common Market at once strengthens the European arm of the Western Alliance and places a special international responsibility on the United States. From now on, especially during the period up to about January, 1963, while Britain's admission is being negotiated and phased in, Britain cannot be expected to take the same independent international line as it often has in the past. Macmillan's foreign policy will have to be aligned more closely to that of de Gaulle and Adenauer. The agency of change will therefore have to be the United States. While every diplomatic device should be employed to bring along the Western allies with Washington, *the aim of American policy should be a major deal with the Soviet Union.* The approach (though not the imprecision) of Roosevelt, the "principles of Yalta," so often the occasion of reproach in the US, may yet prove to be the most fruitful guiding lines for American policy. The object of the deal should be to stabilize the only important frontier in Europe. If a choice must be made, this aim should have priority over American unity with Europe. If, and only if, the European members of NATO are convinced America will make such a choice, they will in the last resort go along with the United States.

I say this because there is simply nothing to be done about Eastern Europe and there has not been anything since 1944-45, though much has been achieved to prevent Soviet influence spreading in Europe beyond the tidemarks of Soviet military occupation (and in Austria it has even receded). The only other way out would have involved the policy of "disengagement" which the Western governments rejected. Disengagement might have been possible under Malenkov. Again after Budapest, Khrushchev challenged the West to put his claim to the test that the Hungarian people wanted Communism by agreeing to a mutual withdrawal of all troops from foreign soil within the European continent.

Why is it that policies of "disengagement" are rejected by the West when it is the essence of the Western contention that it is the Eastern governments which would topple if not backed up by foreign occupation, while the Western governments are secure in the support of their people? A variety of arguments are employed, but in Britain at any rate they always include the contention that for military disengagement to precede a general political settlement would increase the dangers of war because of risings that would be likely to occur in Eastern Europe against Communist governments. This danger would be most severe if, in the military vacuum, two German governments were left to coexist. The dangers of Eastern and Western forces being sucked back into the vacuum by a German civil war, particularly if accompanied by Polish and Hungarian uprisings, are not to be underrated. But the fact that they weighed so heavily with Western policy-makers suggests that in fact the "liberation" of East European countries does not enjoy a very high priority among our objectives.

The truth is that Western policy is verbally committed to two policies in Europe which are incompatible except in a context of general and complete disarmament. These are the union of Western Europe and the reunification of Germany. To unite Europe is to divide Germany, because so long as the Cold War lasts the Russians cannot possibly be expected to allow their part of Germany to be annexed by a Great Power ("United Europe") in alliance with the United States. Which, therefore, is to be the policy – disengagement, offering the possibility of reunification, or United Europe? Disengagement has been rejected and the opportunity for it, except in the context of disarmament, has probably passed. But the abandoned policy of reunification has left behind it a symbolic and embarrassing souvenir: West Berlin.

Now, let us get our priorities and our values right. The case for placing a high priority on "disengagement" (or "liberation"; they mean in practice the same thing, though one would hardly guess so from the way the terms have been manipulated) is that it might bring more freedom to our friends the Czechs and Poles. Incidentally it might bring also the reunification of Germany, which would be welcome on compassionate grounds as well as relieving us of anxiety about the long-term effects of continuous totalitarian indoctrination of those East Germans who are not resisting the Communist regime. But that German reunification of

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and by itself should be in the forefront of our minds is an extraordinary proposition. While we ourselves would never have had the ruthlessness to force the sustained partition of Germany for which the Russians have been responsible (and while we certainly never have thought it a good idea that Prussians should abandon one totalitarian system to be placed under another), our wartime leaders were certainly threshing about for ways to divide Germany and keep her divided. Why? Partly of course just to keep her weak. But also so that, disconnected from her Eastward-looking regions, the remainder of Germany, more nearly tied to Western traditions, should identify itself more closely with the West. Does not the shift of the German capital from Berlin to Bonn betoken a happier orientation of German energy and ambition?

How Important Is Berlin?

Why then should it be an object of Western policy to retain for Berlin its potential status as a German capital? The allies have got themselves maneuvered into the kind of false position which was identified at the outset of this article: the need to "stand firm," "to defend our rights," and to persuade ourselves that we are on the side of the angels.

Again, as so often in the postwar story, it was the Russians who forced us into it by the Berlin blockade, which turned the retention of our increasingly pointless outpost into an issue of the highest symbolic importance. After all that has been said there can be now no question of handing over the two million Germans of West Berlin to Soviet rule. But surely that is the limit of our obligation. West Berlin is not part of the German Federal Republic, though we have often mistakenly allowed the distinction to be blurred. Its location as a capital was lost when we decided to push ahead with West European Union and ditch disengagement. There is much talk in the press of the need to "give West Berlin a sense of purpose"? I cannot understand why this should be among our obligations. One does not wish to be vindictive, but when we are engaged in working out the groundrules for coexistence in a world which knows about the H-bomb, the need to "give a sense of purpose" to the former capital of the Western nation that was responsible for bringing Communism into Central Europe does not command a very urgent or impressive claim to our attention.

The really embarrasing feature of the Berlin situation – and one which brings home the folly of becoming emotionally committed to causes which are peripheral to the main objects of policy – is that the Russians have produced the best solution all round. Their demand for a German peace treaty is reasonable, coming from the power which suffered most in the German war and made the largest contribution to victory in it. The recognition of the two Germanies is the only feasible way of having an agreed peace treaty; and the proposed arrangement about a "free city" in West Berlin, which cannot be palatable to Herr Ulbricht, gets the West off the hook of its moral obligation to the West Berliners. The only snag is that it is the Russians who are proposing it. Signing such an arrangement is not "doing another Munich"; it is paying the deferred price for the first Munich, or rather, for the fact that the Americans were nowhere to be found at the time of the first Munich.

It is a thousand pities that the West did not propose such a solution itself. Better still, since if publicly presented by the West it might have been treated suspiciously as a propaganda move by the Communists, it should have been a joint American-Russian suggestion arising from private contacts between the two world powers. The "free city" arrangement must, of course, if it is to mean anything, include cast-iron arrangements for communications with West German territory; and if some major institutions of the UN could be located there so much the better. The difficulty lies not in the intrinsic merit of the scheme but in the task of presenting it, in the current emotional climate, to the American and other publics as anything other than a weak-kneed backdown.

When this psychological consideration, rather than any substantial objection, is what is standing between the world and agreement on the most sensitive of international issues, surely a danger signal should light up to warn Western leaders that they have been directing the public aspect of foreign policy unwisely.

The chances of agreement with the Russians on Germany are not increased by America's policy of proceeding no faster than her slowest ally is prepared to permit. France and West Germany are being allowed to exercise a veto and Britain's ability to run counter to their wishes diminishes as the Common Market negotiations intensify. This is why the United States must be prepared to try a direct understanding with the Soviet Union. To argue this is to run counter to everything which Britain, France and the other NATO powers have been trying to accomplish in binding the United States morally if not by treaty to complete prior agreement about everything before approaching the Russians. Their viewpoint is completely understandable; but opportunities to be taken in international affairs require swift resolute action by those with the power and influence to implement them – and the world is drifting toward nuclear war. Moreover, any German settlement means obtaining from the Germans a further large installment of the cost of defeat. The longer this is deferred the harder it will be for the sheltered West Germans to face this necessity.

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The Unhealthy Aged

by Christopher Jencks

In Aldous Huxley's brave new world geriatric problems were to be solved by putting the aged out of the way with pills when they reached 66. But timid old America is too soft-hearted for that; we may resent the aged as burdens on our pocketbooks and our consciences, but we find it easier to ignore these "unproductive citizens" than to liquidate them.

Ignoring the aged is, however, becoming increasingly difficult. In the good old days back around the turn of the century most people died of natural causes before reaching retirement or senility. Only four percent of the population was over 65, and most of these individuals lived either on farms where they could milk cows, watch babies and tell tall tales, or else in immigrant ghettos where younger brothers, sisters, children, nephews, or even grandchildren felt obliged to take care of them.

But today the farm and the ghetto are vanishing. Young men move out of their parents' home when they marry, to settle in new neighborhoods in keeping with their youthful, middle-class, All-American self-portrait. Few want to carry their crochety and unadaptable parents up the social ladder on their backs. And if, as often happens, their climb ends in a suburb thousands of miles from their hometown, many find their parents unwilling to follow even if invited.

What happens to those superfluous and unwholesome individuals who outlive their economic usefulness? Those who will not, like the Eskimos, go out in the snow to die? Today they number nine percent of the population—nearly 17 million individuals. About two million live on farms. Another two million or so live with younger relatives in the cities. For the great majority, however, these traditional accommodations are not available. Eight million old people are married and living with their husbands or wives. Nearly four million live alone or with non-relatives. Half a million are institutionalized.

How do they support themselves? About 12 million are now covered to some extent by social security, providing benefits up to $30 a week. Several million have some kind of company pension—usually $15-25 a week. Several million receive public assistance. Several million still have jobs. Half have $1,000 or more salted away in the bank against an emergency. (It takes about $1,000 to get buried in most American cities.) All these arrangements, however, only produce a per capita weekly income of slightly over $20 among those over 65. Unfortunately, the Bureau of Labor Standards estimates that if a retired couple is to rent an apartment with hot water and a toilet that flushes, eat a balanced diet, pay "typical" medical bills, and meet other unavoidable expenses, they will need from $50 a week (in Houston) to $65 a week (in Chicago). Few retired couples have that much money, and still fewer widows have enough to keep going. As a result, five million old people live in substandard housing—although many have the satisfaction of owning their own slum. More than five million are malnourished—although few are actually starving. An estimated four to six million have untreated medical symptoms—although few critically ill individuals are denied hospital care for lack of funds.

What can be done for these men and women, the unwanted by-products of national health and affluence? Ideally, many should be given jobs as baby sitters, custodians, apartment house switchboard operators, and at a dozen other inactive posts which would at once provide something to do and something approaching an adequate standard of living. But old people can't find jobs. Today even the young and healthy cannot find jobs unless they have skills and a future. The old usually have neither.

Alternatively, social security could be substantially increased. It is preposterous that a steel worker should take home $120 a week until he is 65 and then be suddenly reduced to $45 a week. But a really adequate social security scheme is not likely to be enacted in the foreseeable future, for there are still too many vindictive Calvinists in Congress who think those who don't save in middle life should be punished by living in squalor after retirement.

Humanitarians in recent years have therefore concentrated on at least providing adequate medical care for the aged. Such care is not, at present, available to the majority. The average person over 65 spends 12 percent of his annual $1,000 income on doctors, dentists, drugs, and so forth. If he gets so sick that he has to go to the hospital, which he normally does at least once during his retirement, he will get an average bill of $700. That puts quite a hole in his savings. In fact, it liquidates his savings in almost half the cases, so that he must beg from relatives or borrow from banks. In about one case out of five, he (or more often, she) must go to public welfare or charity agencies for help.

Some people spread these costs out over the years by buying health insurance. But such insurance obviously cannot be cheap. Insurance companies are in

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business to help the stockholders, not the aged, and adequate hospitalization policies cost about $100 per person. Only about a third of the aged can afford such a policy. Another sixth have cheaper and less adequate coverage, which pays less than three quarters of their hospital bills. Eight million people have no insurance, and of course these eight million also have the most meager private resources.

If the eight million uninsured turned to charity or public assistance, there would be relatively little cause for alarm. But they don't. The forms are long and complex, the welfare workers often unpleasant, the means test frequently unreasonable, and the charity wards crowded. Many who lack insurance simply don't see doctors or enter hospitals until it is too late to help them. Uninsured old people now get a third less care than those who are insured. The AMA, however, endorses estimates that if hospital care were free the aged would eventually require nearly twice as much attention as they now get. To the AMA this indicates that free care is impractical, but others understandably draw different conclusions. (There is much talk about "unnecessary" medical care, but not even the worst hypochrondriac can be admitted to, or remain in, an American hospital unless a doctor certifies that he needs treatment there.)

What can be done? As already indicated, there are, broadly speaking, two alternatives. We can either try to create the kind of society in which the aged have enough money of their own to take care of themselves privately, like most younger people, or we can let their children take care of them through social security, general taxes, or charity. The AMA, the private insurance companies, and most conservative legislators would like to see us work toward the day when every retired man and woman could afford private medical care. Unfortunately that day is not just around the corner. Adequate non-cancellable hospital insurance, plus typical doctors', dentists', and druggists' bills are about $250 a year for those over 65. These individuals' income is now only $1,000 per year, and it is not rising as fast as the cost of medical care. It will be a very long time before most old people can afford to devote a quarter or more of their incomes to medical care. In the meantime a lot of our parents and grandparents will have suffered and died needlessly. Is the principle of private enterprise worth that much unnecessary grief? Doctors, inured over the years to pain and death, may think so. But those who see the aged primarily as friends and relatives, rather than temperature charts, may feel otherwise.

The only way to avoid this suffering is to provide free insurance or free care for those who can't afford to pay. This is the aim of the Kerr-Mills Act, passed in 1960, which offers matching funds to states which provide free care to the "medically indigent." (Almost all states already provide free care to those completely indigent individuals who receive old age assistance.) Unfortunately, only about half the 50 states have taken up the Kerr-Mills offer. And most of these states provide benefits only to the very, very poor, and inadequate benefits even to them. Furthermore, there are many old people who would rather suffer than turn to public assistance. The number of people whose diseases are still not being properly treated runs into millions.

The King-Anderson bill, currently supported by the Administration, would be an extension of the Social Security Act. It would be financed initially by increasing the taxable wage from $4,800 to $5,000 (or $5,200 under revised estimates), and by raising the social security tax for both employers and employees by 0.25 percent. As medical costs climb, as poor people get used to seeing doctors and entering hospitals when sick, and as charitable organizations and local governments shift their support to other areas of need, the social security rate might have to be increased another 0.1 or 0.2 percent for both employers and employees. The bill would cover 80 percent of those now over 65, and 95 percent of those reaching 65 in the future. (Farmers, teachers, shopkeepers, and others who retired before social security was extended to their jobs would, for no very good reason, be excluded. Federal and local government employees, who are not covered by social security even today, are never expected to benefit.) The payments for hospital bills would be generous, although not generous enough to solve the problems of those with really catastrophic prolonged illnesses. (Unlimited coverage would probably increase the social security rate another 0.1 percent.)

Is the King-Anderson Bill Socialized Medicine?

If passed, the bill would increase the federal share of the nation's $22.5 billion annual medical bills from $4.9 billion to $6 billion, and would mean that the average hospital drew more than 20 percent of its income from the federal treasury. The Social Security Administration would acquire a voice in setting hospital and sometimes doctors' fees. But no change in the relationship between doctors and patients, their free choice of doctors and hospitals, or the control of the doctors over medical methods, is foreseeable. This may or may not be socialized medicine. The only certainty is that if socialized medicine, in this sense of the word, works as badly as the AMA claims, it will never, as the AMA fears, be extended to those under 65. If, on the other hand, the experiment cuts the mortality rate among the aged as low as it is in Canada and Scandinavia (the myth that America has the best medical care in the world applies, unfortunately, only

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to the rich), then perhaps the scheme will be extended.

The only serious drawback of the King-Anderson bill is that it probably cannot pass. Although acceptable to the Senate, it was voted down 16-9 last year by the House Ways and Means Committee. The Committee will almost certainly vote the same way again this year unless Mr. Kennedy is willing to go on television and get the voters to bury Wilbur Mills and his colleagues in mail. The President is not now expected to do this, although as the campaign heats up next summer he may come to feel it worthwhile. (Certainly nothing is likely to be done until summer. Mills cannot afford to make any compromises with liberalism until after May 2, when filing closes for his Arkansas seat and he can be sure Dale Alford—a real reactionary, not just a conservative—is running for Governor, not Congress.) Present Administration tactics appear to call only for back-room pressure, and such pressures seem unlikely to sway the necessary four Congressmen. Wilbur Mills may, as rumor claims, want to be a judge in his old age, but it will take more than his vote to get the King-Anderson bill out of the Committee. Mills may even hope to succeed John McCormack as Speaker, but he will not necessarily get into that coveted office by browbeating his conservative Ways and Means colleagues into supporting what they regard as an extravagant measure.

From what can be gathered of the Committee's mood, moreover, no adequate compromise is likely to get much support unless the President arouses a widespread popular demand for action. If, after the May 2 closing, Mills decides a compromise is desirable, it will probably take the form of an extension of the Kerr-Mills Act. Senator Javits, for example, has proposed a bill under which a sliding scale for matching state funds would, hopefully, allow even the poorest states to evolve adequate plans. Javits also proposes to relax the means test so that it excludes only the richest third of the aged. Such a measure would have the advantage, from the conservative viewpoint, that if old people's incomes ever rise to the point where they can afford adequate private care, the cost and scope of "socialized medicine" will gradually diminish. On the other hand, a means test would discourage old people from working when they get the chance, and from saving in middle age. Furthermore, no scheme for matching state funds, no matter how generous, can protect the aged from Barry Goldwater legislatures which refuse to help them.

Other compromises have also been suggested, aimed at placating the AMA, the big insurance companies, and the hospital administrators. The American Hospital Association has urged, for instance, that the social security tax be increased in order to buy everyone a Blue Cross policy. This may be the only way a

"You really think you can charm those birds?"

comprehensive bill can be gotten through Congress.

There are some other remote possibilities. If 218 Congressmen decide, either from principle or expediency, that the King-Anderson bill should pass, they can get it discharged by petition. If the House leadership really supports the Administration—and this has yet to be tested—it can even bring the King-Anderson bill to the floor without Ways and Means approval. The Senate and House will pass different versions of many other finance bills during this session, and the King-Anderson proposals can be attached in Conference as an amendment to any of these bills—if the Speaker is willing to rule the amendment "germane." In a straight vote on the floor, with 16 million old people watching and an election coming up, the bill would probably pass. Many Congressmen who would be happy to let the bill die quietly would nevertheless be afraid to go on record against it.

Yet even the passage of the King-Anderson Bill would barely scratch the surface of the real problem: what can be done to make the years after 65 something more than a dreary anticlimax to the years before? Proponents of medical care should remember that the largest single medical problem confronting the aged is mental ilness. What the aged need, more than any quantity of free surgery and drugs and beds, is a way of life which makes survival and health seem worthwhile.

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Two Voices Are There

by Honor Tracy

When two books are to be considered at once the reviewer is tempted to look for some factor common to both that may serve as a peg for his remarks. It makes for greater coherence, as well as giving the impression that it was all his own idea and not the editor's decree. With the work of authors such worlds apart as Mr. Philip Toynbee and Mr. Graham Greene, the device appears to be impracticable: a lack of high spirits or gaiety seems about the only thing they share. Mr. Greene is wholly a creator, blessed with a fecundity that shows no signs of falling away, and taking his material from the life round him. Mr. Toynbee is very much the man of letters and is chiefly known as a critic. Mr. Greene, like so many of the best English novelists, is not a highbrow. Mr. Toynbee is nothing if not one: indeed, his approach is so intellectual and his standards so high that every now and then, when he cavills at Mr. Waugh, for example, or calls Miss Murdoch down, we fear they must prove a millstone about his neck when he has a go himself. And, as we know, Mr. Greene is a Catholic while Mr. Toynbee cleaves to a private neo-pagan gloom of his own. The catalogue of differences could run on and on, and yet these books are alike in one important, even if negative, respect. Both are highly mysterious: there is simply no accounting for either.

Pantaloon
by Philip Toynbee
(Harper; $6)
In Search of a Character
by Graham Greene
(Viking; $3.50)

The puzzle of Mr. Toynbee, who shall come first as he is the more expensive, is not that now and again he flowers into authorship. Critics in the sense of men who devote themselves to the examination and evaluation of contemporary writing are a vanishing species in England. Reviewing has become a spare-time occupation of authors who, whether they are renowned, struggling or still in the egg will have to produce if they want to carry weight. Even the old stalwarts feel they must bring forth at intervals, happy in the assurance that, following a pleasant London custom, their colleagues will hail the result with glad little cries of admiration.

"While ladling butter from alternate tubs
Stubbs butters Freeman, Freeman butters Stubbs. . . ."

No: the baffling part of it is that Mr. Toynbee has chosen to write his book in verse. It is as if he were to give a violin recital in public without any previous experience of that instrument. He is no poet and his verse is quite remarkably blank, rhetorical and derivative and managing, ingeniously, to sound flat and inflated at the same time. In this peculiar stuff an old man rambles on about his childhood and early youth, placed in spite of his age about the time of the first World War; and switches to prose now and again to harangue a speechless, possibly dumb, American youth called Olaf, who apparently is his entire audience. Mr. Toynbee does little to help us understand his reasons for such eccentricity. "Why verse at all. . . ? . . . this vehicle seemed best to suit both the material and the narrator's limited capacities. I am shortwinded, Olaf; I can't expatiate." Shortwinded? Can't expatiate? This disarming flourish occurs on page 348, by way of valediction and in company with hints of more to come.

It is possible that Mr. Toynbee employed this method to spare himself the trouble of coming to grips with his material, or to conceal the thinness of the material itself. We are told that through its central character, the old aristocrat Richard Abberville, the book explores the principle attitudes and experiences of our time, but it is hard to agree with this description. What it does is to pick out random episodes in, and phases of, the life of one not very attractive or interesting individual and fill in the gaps with coloratura, much as the old-time hurdy gurdy broke into a sparkling arpeggio whenever the tune got too much for it.

A minor mystery is why the author should have made his "hero" a man of breeding and laid such emphasis on it, for nothing about Abberville suggests such a thing: the self-pity, the soft heart and soft head, the nastinesses, the blaming of Mum, are more typical of a section, small but immensely vocal, of literary suburbia. None the less, Mr. Toynbee has bravely done his stint and may resume his mission on the heights where he is at home.

Mr. Greene's book consists merely of notes that he took in the Congo for use in *A Burnt-Out Case* and on a ship in convoy bound for West Africa during the war, shortly before he wrote *The Heart of the Matter*. The latter has always seemed to me, in a purely literary sense, one of Mr. Greene's very best novels and the former was enormously successful: why, then, their author should take us behind the scenes and show us how they were put together passes all comprehension. It reminds me of an experience long ago in Shanghai when, after a truly exquisite meal in a famous restaurant, I was for some reason marched off to see the kitchens. Mr. Greene suggests that these notes may have interest as an indication of the kind of raw material a novelist accumulates, but surely certain things may be taken for granted. And there is something a little distasteful about it, not in the fact of his taking notes but of deliberately setting out to do so: in the revelation of this dazzling artist sniffing round like any cub reporter who must find a "story" or catch it.

The jottings themselves have also a kind of irrelevance, just as in Shanghai the bowls of alarming this and distress-

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ing that, the dire smells, the sweaty scullions, were irrelevant to the poem of a meal that had been spread before us. "The sisters who sometimes resent leprosy being cured. 'It's a terrible thing – there are no lepers left here'." Put down baldly that strikes a disagreeable note, whereas in the wider context of the novel it aroused both understanding and compassion. Indeed, the important thing is not how or where Mr. Greene collects his plums but what he does to them afterwards; and to inquire into this too closely is every bit as indiscreet and unwise as to demand to know how the conjuror "does" it. At the same time, there is many a flash of insight and memorable descriptive phrase in this little book: "the boat escorted all the way by butterflies," to mention only one, seems to call up a complete picture of the steaming tropical river with dull green bush on either side and gorgeous insects fluttering about the funnels and deck. Mr. Greene is never dull and never silly: he deserves the Garter for these two facts alone.

Muckraking's Golden Age

by Asher Brynes

In the business of journalism the one thing magazines can do better than newspapers is reporting-in-depth. They can take the time to search out the news behind the news. They also have the space in which to present, without editorializing but simply through the choice of appropriate incident and detail, the story of the forces and motivations back of the bits of event that the papers print day by day. Nevertheless, these publications which once made fortunes for their owners (and for the lucky writers whom they printed) have perished by the dozen over the past generation.

The Muckrakers
edited by Arthur and Lila Weinberg
(Simon and Schuster; $7.50)

The trouble among the diminished number of general purpose mass-circulation magazines that survive today appears to be the result of an inability – or perhaps it is an avoidance of the opportunity – to handle the news so that it says what it means. Some of the reasons cropped out in a recent (December 29) *New York Times* story about the switching of editorships and editorial policies on *The Saturday Evening Post* at the end of last year. Mr. Ben Hibbs, the retiring chief of that much fixed but still ailing periodical, spoke freely as he cleaned out his desk. He, for one, was still firm in his belief that although the magazine industry was burdened with problems, "the day of the mass circulation magazine is not over." But he prescribed strong remedies. First of all, he said, the magazines "must end the sort of dog-eat-dog competition that now prevails. This rat race, this knifing of your competitor is bad for the whole magazine industry. After all, our biggest competitor is television. We ought to be fighting shoulder to shoulder rather than knifing each other."

Then he offered emphatically positive advice. "Some changes in this business will have to be made. For one thing, magazines must obtain more of their revenues from circulation rather than advertising. This may mean a reduction in circulation for a while, but it's got to be done." He noted that readers seemed to demand more provocative articles in magazines these days. "Perhaps this preference reflects the state of the world. Everybody is arguing all over the world and that may be the reason why people like argumentative articles. My own tastes," he added, "don't run to this sort of thing. My successor is more of the crusading type."

This experienced editor's assumption, quite as a matter of course and without explanation, that provocative, crusading copy of the kind demanded by his customers will cause a loss of advertising and initially a loss of circulation too, is instructive. There should in logic be more readers rather than less – if they are offered what they seek. Or has something gone wrong with the market in which this particular sort of merchandise is produced, offered and bought? What's wrong?

An examination of *The Muckrakers*, a most attractive anthology of articles from the old muckraking magazines that prospered so handsomely at the turn of the century, shows how the literary market was run when writers and editors were uninhibited. Samuel S. McClure, the first of the muckraking publishers, was himself every inch a businessman; indeed, he was what we would call today a *discounter*, for at a time when magazines of the same type sold for twenty-five and thirty-five cents, he priced *McClure's Magazine* at fifteen cents right from the start. His competitors dropped theirs to 12½ cents; finally all settled at 10 cents. The competition then shifted to editorial material: fiction by high-grade authors like A. Conan Doyle, Rudyard Kipling, Thomas Hardy, Hamlin Garland – and lively articles. Systematic muckracking or "the literature of exposure," as professors now call it, was born when McClure noticed the unplanned but simultaneous publication of *three* provocative articles in his own magazine. He had placed them there himself, of course, but did not recognize the significance of what he had done until he saw it in print.

He promptly wrote an editorial to announce this discovery. It is still the best definition of the sentiment that inspired the wave of criticism of public affairs that preceded the progressive movement in American politics. "How many who have read through this number of [*McClure's*] magazine noticed that it contains three articles on one subject? We did not plan it so; it is a coincidence. . . . Capital is learning (with indignation at labor's unlawful acts) that its rival's contempt of law is a menace to property. Labor has shrieked the belief that the illegal power of capital is a menace to the worker. These two are drawing together. Last November when a strike was threatened . . . on all the railroads centering in Chicago, the men got together by raising wages, and raising freight rates too. They made the public pay. We are all doing our worst and making the public pay."

As a matter of business (and idealism too, in the fashion of those days) he decided on a policy of aggressive defense of the public interest. The nearest analogy to this method of operation

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at the present time can be found in the consumer magazines which undertake to advise their readers, without prejudice or fear of the consequences of criticism, about the best qualities of merchandise on the market. They employ large staffs of single-minded engineers, technicians and professional shoppers. They trample on bedsprings and mattresses until the stuffings and springs burst out; they trample, in print, on the reputations of the manufacturers who made those articles. Variations of quality that consumers would not be able to detect until the things they buy had been put to the test of service are proclaimed monthly, with a wealth of specific detail. And whether the reader had any intention of purchasing and trying for himself the camera, or air conditioner, or automobile or outboard motor that was tortured to tell the truth about itself in last month's issue, he apparently feels grateful for the money this critical reporting of what he is offered in the market place has saved for him.

The letters that readers write to these magazines have a quality of passionate involvement and loyalty that is strikingly absent from the correspondence columns of other periodicals of general circulation. Expressions of gratitude for the services performed by the editors are commonplace. Such things happen once in a blue moon in other publications; approval, rather than thanks, is the most they can hope for in the usual course of business.

What the muckraking magazines purveyed in their time was a consumer advisory service in the field of public affairs. To do this properly they unhesitantly spent money to procure well-researched and tested editorial material – the kind of money that most magazines spend on advertising themselves in other magazines and newspapers today. McClure, for instance, paid Lincoln Steffens $2,000 each (equivalent to about $7,000 in money of current value) for four articles a year; and Ida Tarbell was paid twice as much for each of the articles she wrote about the nefarious doings of John D. Rockefeller and the Standard Oil Company over a period of five years.

Writers were treated in a way that enabled them to be detailed, accurate and thorough in other respects, too. McClure gave them sufficient time for reflection and for the re-working of their material – as he put it in his autobiography, he paid them for "their study rather than for the amount of copy they turned out . . . [he] put the writer on such a salary as would relieve him of all financial worry and let him master a subject to such a degree that he could write upon it, if not with the authority of the specialist, at least with such accuracy as could inform the public and meet with the corroboration of experts."

The result of this policy was that McClure received plenty of free advertising for his magazine – publicity of the kind that is precious beyond price – on the front pages of the newspapers. His circulation rose to a record, for those days, of half a million. What is even more impressive, a host of imitators sprang up and flourished along with him.

This type of periodical journalism is inconsistent with the editorial setting that Madison Avenue demands for the advertisement of its wares. In McClure's time advertising copy was generally argumentative and specific rather than allusive; it did not seek to build an "image" of the product, but told readers flatly why to buy it. Advertisements were self-contained – advertisers bought *space*, rather than a supporting atmosphere of conformity and assent. Hard-sell ads were compatible with hard-hitting copy. Institutional and allusive advertising apparently is not, and for that reason Madison Avenue demands the avoidance of editorial material that may generate a critical spirit in the readership. And magazines need plenty of advertising revenue to pay for the lush formats to which their readers have become habituated.

Is it too much to expect that some bold spirit will try to repeat the exciting story of the rise of the muckrakers by putting out a magazine that is written for readers, on the theory that advertisers will come along if there are plenty of customers to buy the publication.

Democracy and the Private Citizen

by Alexander M. Bickel

This is a curious and a puzzling book. It is a work of political theory, and quite plainly it aims far and high. The connections it acknowledges are chiefly with the ancients, "the greats" as I believe they are called at Oxford, and among the moderns with no fry lesser than a Tocqueville or a Madison. The

The Predicament of Democratic Man
by Edmond Cahn
(Macmillan; $3.95)

author, who is professor of law at New York University, means to convey more than just the elaborate and novel system of nomenclature which he stresses. The question is, what more?

"The new predicament of democratic man is his moral involvement in the misdeeds of government." This is Mr. Cahn's lead sentence. He illustrates thus: If a district attorney obtains a conviction through the knowing use of false evidence, we, the people, feel ourselves implicated in responsibility, since "we are the principals whom the district attorney represents as agent." Mr. Cahn sets out to demonstrate that we shouldn't generally feel so implicated, that we are each responsible only under certain particular circumstances, and hence that such "vicarious guilts and responsibilities, which we are accustomed to dread (I should have said that all too few of us do) because they loom so large in their present vagueness, are not in fact too burdensome for us but, on the contrary, are quite definable and tolerable." In this way is launched an inquiry into the nature of democratic government, intended to show that our condition is "not merely tolerable but uniquely desirable."

In the beginning, says Mr. Cahn, was an anthropomorphic fallacy, identifying the state with individual man; its head in absolute kingdoms; the man in the street in later times, as well as much earlier, in Greek antiquity. Louis XIV was sovereign, he *was* the state, and so it is thought are so many million American citizens, as were the citizens of Athens. In fact a state is an

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ongoing creation, not to be likened to, let alone identified with, the individual. It then follows for Mr. Cahn that men should "look at government and law in a *consumer perspective*," and I have here italicized the first and most recurrent of Mr. Cahn's innovations in nomenclature. It means, as "Aristotle remarked shrewdly, 'The diner – not the cook – will be the best judge of a feast'." It means, I suppose, that government is for the people, not the other way around, and it strains belief that any responsible official in this country should profess any different doctrine. But Mr. Cahn finds otherwise, and he instances the *Bartkus* case of some years ago, in which the Supreme Court held that both a State and the federal government may prosecute a person for the same act, if that act constitutes offenses under the laws of both. Mr. Cahn thinks the decision was wrong and that the second prosecution should have been forbidden as placing the accused in double jeopardy. He holds with the dissent of Justice Black, which he consequently describes as having adopted the consumer perspective. This perspective leads one to look at the issue from the point of view of the accused. He suffers. But so he does also from a single prosecution. The question is whether it is just for him to suffer. The answer will depend on what may be the requirements in this situation of maintaining a federal system of dual government; it will depend on what is good for all the "consumers" of both governments. Differences of opinion are more than possible, and they have as much room for play within the phrase "consumer perspective" as within any other. It is puzzling to find Mr. Cahn contending that the phrase he has invented solves the problem. His and Justice Black's total and absolute aversion to double prosecutions may do so, but the argument must take account of many practical, moral and traditional considerations in order to be persuasive.

The "consumer perspective" formula I have been discussing, and a number of other formulas for which I lack space here, are meant to lead up to the do-it-yourself part of the book: how to determine whether or not one bears moral responsibility for such outrages as a criminal conviction obtained on the basis of evidence known to be false. Mr. Cahn offers a "citizen's Self-Search," consisting of seven questions, the answers to which will implicate or exonerate, as the case may be. Very briefly, if the citizen had no part in inciting the prosecution, if the laws under which it was conducted were fair on their face, if the prosecutor in question, for whom the citizen voted, was not at the time of his election a notorious persecutor of the innocent, and if the citizen did not, by commission or omission, perpetrate some pretty culpable things on his own, such as suppressing the truth when he knew it, then – though only then – is he, in a word, blameless, after the event, however, the good citizen has certain responsibilities for taking part in collective remedial action, looking to right the injustice and to prevent its occurrence in the future. That leaves the onus of guilt with the official, the district attorney. Mr. Cahn provides him as well, and his fellows, from the President on down, with a "Self-Search" consisting also of seven questions to guide him in doing right, and thus becoming entitled to be called "the Just Official."

Perhaps, in attempting to discharge the reviewer's obligation to indicate the content of a book, I have not fairly represented Mr. Cahn's thought. If so, it has not been for lack of self-search. It has been merely a failure to penetrate the significance of the maneuvers through which Coach Cahn puts his many newly-named concepts; a failure to understand the purpose of the exercise. Mr. Cahn has run the Citizen through the "Self-Search." He has described, in concrete instances, his own attitudes on a broad range of questions, including double-jeopardy, slum clearance, admission of aliens, free speech and racial integration. Some of Mr. Cahn's attitudes on these and other questions are very wise and more than commonly decent and clear-sighted. Some appear a little rough and ready, and perhaps even a touch dogmatic. Others are widely, though not universally, shared and find frequent expression in the editorial page of the *New York Times*. The difficulty comes in seeing the need for, or even the relevance of, the whole definitional apparatus of the book. To put it otherwise, the difficulty comes in perceiving the important new development in democratic theory which is intended.

I end with another example. There is a famous dissent of Justice Brandeis' delivered in 1932, in which Brandeis voted to sustain an Oklahoma statute that established private monopolies in the ice business by foreclosing new entries into it. Brandeis' personal views against monopoly and in favor of free competition are well known. This dissent is therefore celebrated as showing his awareness of the limited policy-making function of the Supreme Court, and his attachment to federalism, which should permit various social and economic experiments in the local laboratories of the States, as he called them. For social and economic experimentation is, after all, the lifeblood of democratic government. If we wish to be proven right in the end, we must suffer ourselves to be proven wrong in

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the meantime. And so, in a great sentence: "If we would guide by the light of reason, we must let our minds be bold." What does Mr. Cahn add to this? Brandeis, though he may have little known it, was exemplifying what we should now call "the virtue of asociability." Well, perhaps he was, but my understanding of the case is simply not advanced by saying so.

The Little World of Little Artists

by Frank Getlein

It is never easy to reduce the absurd to absurdity, but Fred W. McDarrah, with camera and typewriter, has managed. With the child-like faith of a fan-magazine editor in the great days of the movies, Mr. McDarrah has assembled a great many photographs of Action Painters at play and occasionally at work, interspersed the photos with passages of richly devotional prose, obtained the necessary imprimatur from Thomas B. Hess, who, as executive editor of *Art News*, holds some kind of copyright on much of the material, and here presents *The Artist's World*. The artist is strictly the artist of 10th Street, the Museum of Modern Art, East Hampton and Provincetown. There is no other artist; there is no other world.

The Artist's World
by Fred W. McDarrah
(Dutton Paperback; $2.45)

Mr. Hess's imprimatur is interesting as one more document in the slowly evolving struggle over ownership of Action Painting. At the moment at least three thinkers are on record as having invented Jackson Pollock: Mr. Hess, Mr. Clement Greenberg and Mr. Harold Rosenberg. Miss Peggy Guggenheim has brought suit to establish that she really invented Mr. Pollock; and in the background Pollock's teacher, Thomas Hart Benton, is not pushing his claim. Here Mr. Hess is concerned to endorse the product, Mr. McDarrah's book, but at the same time not give anything away, thus: "I register here my general objections to certain inclusions and exclusions in this book which, from my point of view, distort my picture of things." The inclusions and exclusions are neatly unspecified, thus leaving Mr. Hess total freedom to deal with any possible future claimants who may arise but dealing vigorously with any notions Mr. McDarrah may get about his own contribution to discovery.

Mr. Hess drives the point home: "Fred McDarrah came to the scene after the action had begun. Pollock, Gorky and Tomlin were dead. . . . Three, four, and five more generations had been added to the original two." In Abstract Expressionism as in the Old Testament, the generations spring up and wither like grass in the field. By his own account Mr. Hess is now about a hundred and twenty-five years old and, having protected his interests, displays the tolerance for youthful error so endearing in the old folks: "It is not to McDarrah's discredit that he has photographed only what he was able to see."

So far as I know, most photographers – except the recent infra-red men and the old seance specialists of Mme. Blavatsky – are guilty of the same fault; it is generous of Mr. Hess to absolve Mr. McDarrah. He's right, too; basically it's the fault of the equipment.

Just as the old fan magazines didn't deal with specific motion pictures, so this is not a book about paintings. It is rather a book about an immensely glamorous way of life of which the paintings are the excuse and the occasional product. In the pages of the book they are given short shrift. They comprise a tiny minority of the photographs and are not really discussed at all in the text.

What is displayed in the photographs and what is discussed in the text is the glamor of it all. Both Mr. Hess and Mr. McDarrah make the ritual claim that their art is totally unappreciated by just about everyone except themselves. There is, it appears, something called "The Establishment," which is out to get Franz Kline, Norman Bluhm, Mark Rothko and the rest. This Mafia is never identified except for a photo of John Canaday, critic of the *Times* and about the one civilized face in the book. Appearing as the self-sacrificing champions of the virtually unknown art of Abstract Expressionism are: the Museum of Modern Art, the Guggenheim Museum, assorted gallery-keepers in brocade or black-tie, *Art News* itself and various textile manufacturer and stockbroker art collectors. On the basis of the record here, Mr. Canaday is wildly outnumbered, outfinanced and out-institutioned. He is certainly outshouted. Under the circumstances, if he really is a one-man Establishment responsible for shoving all these artists and institutions into obscurity, the man should be looked into as a possible secret weapon against the Russians.

The key sentence in the book is this: "The artist . . . has become an actor." The book details his act, how it is performed and where it is performed. At times the text seems to be a how to do it number: you start with a cold-water loft, you go to East Hampton for the summer, you find out who's throwing a party and get to it, you hang out in the Cedar Tavern, you try desperately to join The Club and so on. In short the road to success is laid out as clearly as it is for the crassest bourgeois salesman who also has to live in the right kind of house, join the right club, know the right people and the rest of it.

This transplantation of what used to be considered uniquely bourgeois values is seen most clearly in a brief passage about parties:

> "The psychology of the art world determines exactly which artists may be expected at which parties. An artist whose star is rising hopes to boost his reputation by being seen speaking familiarly with a famous host. Since every artist worth his canvas either feels his star has been or should be rising, a well-known figure in the art world can reasonably expect a thundering herd to appear at the mere rumor that he's giving a party. A less successful artist may have difficulty in attracting as ambitious a group, but he can still count on his friends, their friends, and anyone else who may have overheard an invitation or his address."

The main differences between this kind of gala and the commercial hospitality

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of the business world would seem to be that in the latter the food and drink are more reliable, the guests better mannered and the conversation likely to cover a wider range. The same sort of convivial transaction takes place and, as many learn even in one of two generations, a party is a lot more fun if you're not doing business at it.

The particular pity of this aspect, of course, is the wasted lives of the young people in their thousands who flock into Tenth Street to get away from Zenith and find that they've never left the Rotary Club.

The initial section of the book is called "A Way of Life" and concentrates on the glamor; the concluding third is "A Definite Stand" and is really odds and ends not fitted in elsewhere – incidentally there are tremendously important omissions, most notably the Ford Foundation, the Guggenheim and the Fulbright programs, all of which are vital to Abstract Expressionism. The middle section, the meat of the book, is called, "Achieving Status."

Mr. McDarrah achieved his own status in 1960 by establishing his popular "Rent a Beatnik" agency.

MOVIES

Guy Green's First American Film

Guy Green, the expert English director, has now made his first film for an American company, *Light in the Piazza;* and it is clearly an important point in his career. After long experience as cinematographer for Carol Reed and David Lean and after directing several minor films, he made *The Angry Silence,* a labor film which seemed to summon and heighten all his practical knowledge and intuition. He then moved on to *The Mark,* a film about psychological reclamation which can be seen more than once with profit. Then he was called by Hollywood.

Light in the Piazza (M-G-M)

This is a familiar but continually pertinent issue. Before an artist attracts attention, he is immune to big-money lure, usually because he is not subject to it. After he has sweated and fought to get his head above ground, the fat cats, who buy only proved products, reach down and tap him. The question of big money versus complete artistic freedom, which seems so simple to those who have never faced it, is especially complicated in films. A writer or painter can refuse the money and go off to write or paint as he pleases. But what is a film director to do? He cannot operate without a huge, expensive organization, even for a "small" film. He can say yes to the moneymen and settle for partial satisfactions, or he can refuse not only their money but the magnificent facilities and face the prospect of spending most of his adult life scrounging around for funds to enable him to make *his* films *his* way. This is not a question of Hollywood against Europe. The question is internal in England and elsewhere. Read about Fellini's troubles with Italian producers.

So, having made one good and one fine film, Green hears from a big studio. Since they are versed in these matters, they know they have to offer him more money. They offer a script by a skilled screen-carpenter (Julius Epstein) adapted from a prize-winning novella by a respected writer (Elizabeth Spencer). They offer him a good staff, a "big" cast, and color. (A dubious gift, in any case, and here it is Metrocolor, which is less clean and subtle than Technicolor.) He tells himself (presumably) that, no matter what happens, he can win lots of little victories along the way, in this and and that scene; that his hallmark must inevitably be evident on the film; that a successful film for a major studio will give him that most useful attribute in the theatrical arts: power.

Now we see the result. Miss Spencer's story is of a wealthy American mother who takes her 26-year-old daughter to Europe. In Florence a presentable young Italian falls in love with the girl without discovering that, because of a childhood accident, she has a mental age of 10. The mother observes that the girl seems happy and able to operate capably in Florentine society. Epstein's screenplay brings the father over on a brief visit from America and creates a crisis out of his objection (in private) to a marriage and his decision to put the girl in an institution when she returns. Miss Spencer's not-quite-secure attempt at a Jamesian theme is thus reduced to straightaway domestic drama: shall the mother permit her daughter to go home to an asylum or shall she conceal the mental deficiency and arrange a marriage? She decides for the latter. The increased "plottiness" has the effect of thinning the story's emotional and cultural resonances and of reducing it to this thesis: if you have a mentally deficient child, marry him (her) to a Florentine. " 'Twill not be seen in him there; there the men are as mad as he." Why the conversation of this girl's social set at home (Winston-Salem) should be any more difficult for her than that of Florentines is not apparent. *Fiorentismo,* the empty-headed boredom of the Florentines which is notorius even in Italy, is not a monopoly. (Miss Spencer proves this in her book by a chance encounter with some hometown folk.)

In transforming the script to film, Green has won some victories. He has evoked from Yvette Mimieux (the girl) and George Hamilton (the Italian boy) their best performances to date: impulsive, silly, interesting. The truest element in the film is the joy of these two youngsters simply in being with each other. Rossano Brazzi (the Italian father) gives Green a somewhat more humorous performance of his customary graying amorist. Green's major achievement with the actors is

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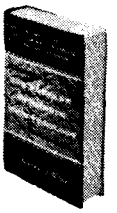

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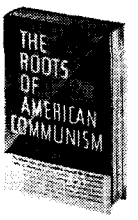

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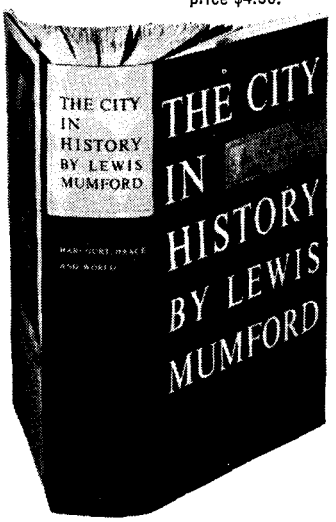

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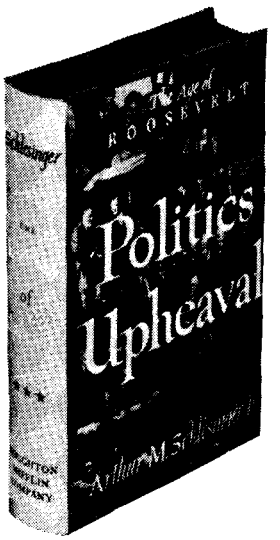

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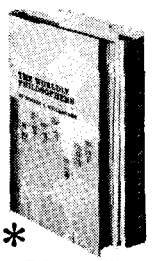

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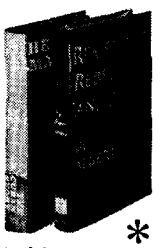

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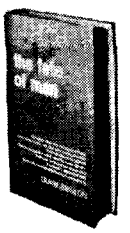

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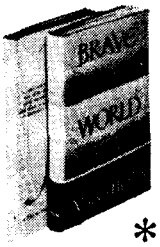

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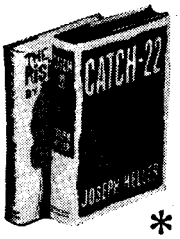

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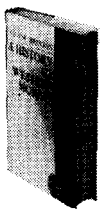

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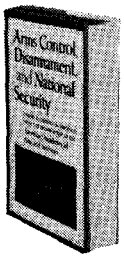

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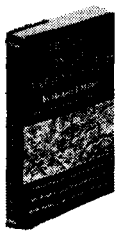

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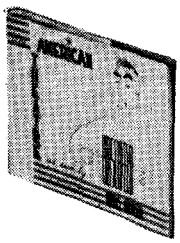

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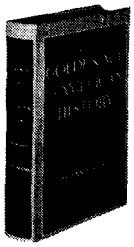

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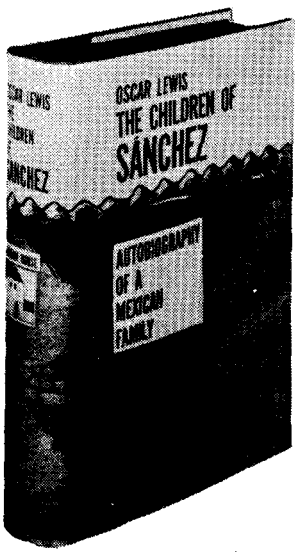

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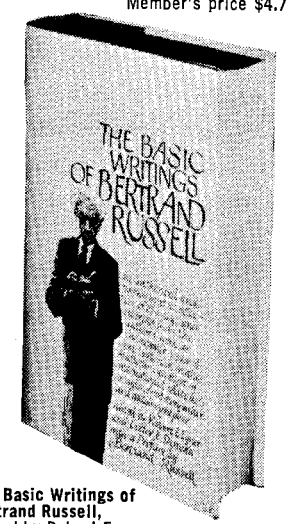

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with Olivia de Havilland (the girl's mother) who gives only a basically unconvincing performance instead of a downright unbearable one.

His camera is used reticently well; he does not try to overwhelm you with gorgeous pictures of Florentine exteriors, he makes them serve the story. He moves the film forward intelligently and never repeats himself, even when there are similar situations in the same room. (José Quintero, director of the dull *Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone*, ought to study this film.) And he uses nice touches of visual explication (the upward burst of pigeons as the girl runs across the square). He has made a film well above the run of the commercial mill.

What is troublesome in it is not the presence but the quality of the flaws. Examples: Miss de Havilland's head on the pillow of a halo of star-status light; Miss Mimieux frolicking in the briefest of pink bikinis – although her mother has said she wants to discourage male attention to the child; the wild carriage ride, which was pointless in the story is bewildering here, and should have been excised.

These, and others, are "soft spots" which would simply make us nod indulgently in another man's film but which are worrisome in the director of *The Mark*. In him they are presumable concessions, not lapses. They contribute to a slight marshmallowy feeling throughout, which makes *Light in the Piazza* a superior studio "product," not a work of unflinching personal conviction.

The matter is important both because of Green's potentialities and because the dilemma recurs for talented people who fight their way to some attention. Facile homilies from the side-lines are out of place. The film world, more than most worlds is too complex for rigid absolutes; the choice for a director, as Orson Welles has pointed out, often is commercial work or none. But as an admirer of Green's, I record a hope: that if choice exists, he will choose his own way; if choice doesn't exist, he will try to make it, will opt for difficulties and freedom. After all, the most an artist can reasonably aspire to is the epitaph: "He made his own mistakes, not other people's."

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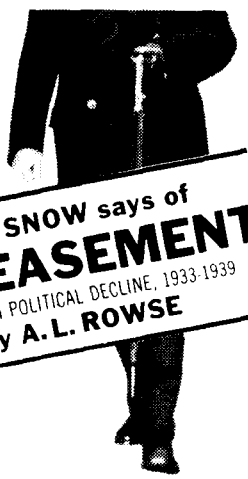

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RECORDS

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Though reviewers persist in hearing Van Cliburn as a pianist whose playing of Tchaikovsky's and Rachmaninov's concertos has kept him from learning how to play other music, his performances of that other music reveal him as one of the most distinguished musicians we have heard play the piano. Instead of tearing through Chopin's Polonaise in A flat, on RCA Victor LM (mono) and LSC (stereo) 2576, with the usual speed and brilliance, he sets a moderate tempo – a true Polonaise tempo – in which he fits every note into the continuous and beautiful musical shape that he produces in sound, down to the the last note of the smallest detail, with marvelous accuracy of finely differentiated tonal values. He maintains this tempo and this concern with the shaping of melody in the episode with the octave ostinato in the bass that pianists usually make into a display of bravura octave-playing in fast tempo. And even when he plays the flowing melody of the later lyrical interlude with the traditional rubato retardations that I consider excessive, he does so with his unfailing sense for continuity of flow and shape. The same things are true of the performances of the Fantaisie, the Waltz in C sharp minor, the Ballade in A flat, the Scherzo in C sharp minor, the Nocturne in B. My only reservation is that I would have preferred to hear the operation in other pieces than some of these popular ones – in the Ballade in F minor, the Nocturne in C minor, the Sonata No. 2.

The audiences that were aroused to frenzied enthusiasm by Callas' singing a few years ago are responding in the same way to the singing of Joan Sutherland, who is featured in the performance of Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor* on London A-4355 and OSA-1327. And the singing certainly is breathtaking with its agility, accuracy and bravura in spectacular high-ranging florid passages and its distinguished shaping of phrase in lower-ranging melody. But the voice that is bright in its upper range is lusterless down below; and in this drab lower range Sutherland sings much of the time in half-voice and with pathetic inflection, the result being a mournful moaning that gets to be monotonous, in addition to being at times incongruous with the words about joy and happiness – for example in the passage of the Mad Scene in which Lucia imagines she recalls the occasion of her marriage to Edgar. As for the other principals, Renato Cioni, Robert Merrill and Cesare Siepi, their voices are, to my ear, unattractive. The orchestra and chorus of the Saint Cecilia Academy in Rome are good; and Pritchard conducts effectively.

Sutherland's singing is more enjoy-

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able in the performance of Handel's *Messiah* conducted by Boult on London A-4357 and OSA-1329; in fact her inflection of phrase makes it the most distinguished feature of the performance As in the one he recorded seven years ago, Boult uses a moderate-sized chorus and the orchestra prescribed in Handel's score: strings with occasional trumpets and drums that on these records are not always sufficiently audible (nor does one hear the oboes and bassoons that should at times strengthen the choral parts). But the earlier performance had the solo parts sung as usual without the ornamentation that was added by the singers of Handel's day in the style documented by the two written-out arias in the introduction of the Carl Fischer edition of the vocal score; and this time Boult isn't troubled, as I am, by hearing Sutherland sing with this ornamentation and the other soloists sing without it. This time, moreover, I am more aware of the insensitivity of occasional tempos that are too fast for the proper effect of music marked to be played Andante or Larghetto or Pomposo ma non Allegro. And this time there is less of the harpsichord continuo of George Malcolm that was so delightful in the performance of seven years ago. Grace Bumbry uses an agreeable contralto voice smoothly, Kenneth McKellar a fine tenor voice spiritedly; but the bass David Ward doesn't execute florid passages with the security that would give them authority and force. The London Symphony Orchestra and Chorus are good.

Angel COLH-125 offers the earliest recorded performances of Nellie Melba, who aroused audiences of her time to frenzied enthusiasm with her spectacular singing. In arias from *Lucia, Hamlet, Faust* and *La Traviata*, among other things, one hears the steadiness and purity of the sounds she produced, the smoothness of her legato, her effortless execution of florid passages and trills, all of which are extraordinary; but the voice comes off the record without the luster that gave it the extraordinary beauty referred to by contemporaries.

Victoria de los Angeles' voice is unsuited to the concluding section of Schubert's *Death and the Maiden*, but she does lovely singing, on Angel 35971 and S-35971, in Scarlatti's *Le Violette*, Handel's *Oh! Had I Jubal's Lyre*, Schubert's *An die Musik* and *Wohin*, and songs of Brahms, Fauré and Spanish composers that I care less for. Gerald Moore gives it excellent support with his piano-playing. And on Angel 35883 and S-35883 he does the same for Elisabeth Schwarzkopf's singing of songs from Wolf's *Italian Song Book*, which I find excessively mannered. I recommend instead Irmgard Seefried's performances of these songs on Decca DL-9743.

Capitol GBR- and SGBR-7252 have Bach's Suites for orchestra, of which the best-known No. 2 has engaging dance movements, and No. 3 has a few others and the beautiful melodic movement known as the Air for G string, but I find most of No. 4 and all of No. 1 uninteresting. The performances by the Bath Festival Chamber Orchestra under Menuhin are very good.

And Vanguard SRV-123/4 and SRV-123/4-SD offer a performance of the complete Tchaikovsky score for *The Nutcracker* by Abravanel with the Utah Symphony that is reproduced with much greater clarity and beauty of sound than the Irving-New York City Ballet Orchestra performance on Kapp 5007, but is less effectively paced and less sensitively phrased. I still recommend Capitol G-7149, which has the most beautiful playing of the finest passages of the score.

B. H. Haggin

THEATER

Off-Broadway Plays for Broadway

Now that the musical has proved the safest market for theatrical investors it is gradually usurping the Broadway stage, and may soon, if the present trend continues, eliminate the straight play altogether. In preparation for this cheerful development, Broadway aestheticians have been trying to boost the artistic status of the musical to the level of its economic drawing power: Walter Kerr, the Aristotle of the carriage trade, declared some time ago that the popularity of this "artform" reflected the spectator's "response to creative joy," and Joshua Logan has even suggested that musicals, rather than serious plays, be sent overseas by the State Department as the more accurate barometers of our theatrical tastes. (I admit the idea sounds subversive, considering the quality of most successful musicals, but Mr. Logan, I can assure the Committee, is a loyal and patriotic American.)

Who'll Save the Plowboy?
by Frank D. Gilroy
(Phoenix Theater)
Moon on a Rainbow Shawl
by Errol John
(East 11th Street Theater)
Plays for Bleeker Street
by Thornton Wilder
(Circle in the Square)

The most disheartening effects of this musical monopoly have been felt in the minority theater. Apparently in an effort to prove that it is only another creak in Broadway's arthritic joints, off-Broadway has been (1) producing a staggering number of musicals itself, and (2) producing all the straight plays that Broadway no longer has room for. The off-Broadway musical is quite unworthy of attention, being merely a showcase for young Broadway hopefuls (by showing they can vulgarize Sheridan or Goldsmith, they presumably get invited uptown to write a musical version of *Splendor in the Grass*). The serious plays, on the other hand, possess a little more merit, though they have all been overpraised. Only a reviewer dazzled by pretense could cherish William Archibald's *Cantilevered Terrace*, surely one of the most stupefyingly dull works of the decade. But most of the others are

Notes on Contributors

Honor Tracy's *newest novel is* A Season of Mists. Frank Getlein *is at work on a book about Michaelangelo.*

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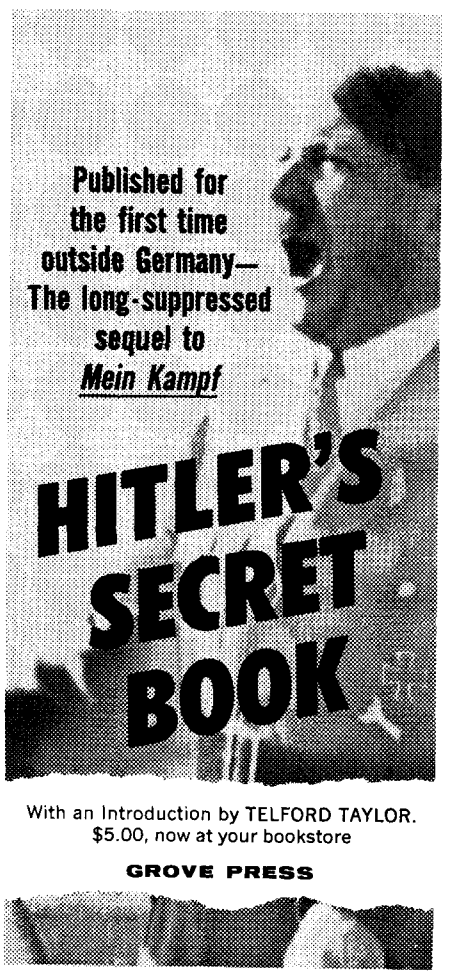
those competent, run-of-the-mill dramas which used to be Broadway staples in palmier days, before the avalanche of song and dance.

Three recent examples of this type come to mind, the first being Frank D. Gilroy's *Who'll Save the Plowboy?* It is difficult to have a passionate response to this work; it is a journeyman effort, serious, straightforward, and rather banal. Gilroy, a former TV writer, has fashioned one of those naturalistic, lower-middle-class kitchen dramas one formerly associated with the *Philco Playhouse*, saving it from triviality by his shrewd manipulation of suspense and his grim vision of life. The grimness, however, is a little excessive, as if the playwright were exulting in his freedom from the sponsor's softening influence. His hero is subject to so many misfortunes that he seems to have been handpicked for victimization by a malevolent fate, while the hero's sardonic wife is so blighted by existence that she lacks even the energy of despair: "Death or a new stove," she intones laconically, "I'd settle for either." Much of this reminds us of *The Iceman Cometh* ("Would that Hickey or Death would come"), and, indeed, Gilroy has learned a good deal from O'Neill. The Hickey of this play, however, serves not to expose illusions but to advance the plot: he is a wartime buddy, badly wounded when he saved the hero's life, and now come to see if his sacrifice was justified. The friend's secret is that he is dying of his old wound; the hero's secret is that his life has been dismal and, therefore, not worth saving. When each learns the other's secret, each tries to hide his own, with the result that the play begins to slide along the surface of ironic plot convolutions without ever digging very deeply underneath. The production, directed by Daniel Petrie and staffed with Studio actors, shares the virtues and defects of the play: crudity and awkwardness alternating with moments of power, sincerity and truth.



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Errol John's *Moon on a Rainbow Shawl* is another conventional work that should have gone to Broadway, where it might have attracted the charity audience, performing its ritualistic duty. That it was produced downtown, I attribute less to the domination of musicals than to the fact that it lacks an affirmative ending. Set in Trinidad, the play concerns the efforts of a rebellious Negro bus driver to break away from an environment he loathes. To do this, he must abandon the girl he has made pregnant, just as he once abandoned his grandmother to the poorhouse; and the play ends with his departure to seek human dignity in Liverpool (!) This cartilaginous plot is filled out with local color, local humor, and local stereotypes – in short, all the qualities reviewers invariably call "warm and human." But I cannot imagine how the hero's problems could possibly interest anyone except the author. George Roy Hill's production is highly polished, perhaps to the point of glossiness. James Earl Hill, usually a dependable actor, has become a little too mannered, and much too uncontrolled; but Cicely Tyson as a Calypso whore strikes a raucous note which thrills; and the others occasionally exceed the limitations of their parts.

Thornton Wilder's *Plays for Bleeker Street* consists of three playlets from a double series of fourteen: *Infancy* and *Childhood* from *The Seven Ages of Man; Someone from Assisi* from *The Seven Deadly Sins. Infancy* is a vaudeville sketch about "babies acting like grownups – grownups acting like babies" which will undoubtedly replace that old favorite, *If Men Played Cards Like Women Do*, in the high-school repertoire. Located in turn-of-the-century New York, it features two infants in prams, screeching against their helplessness and their parents, while a nursemaid, a Jewish housewife, and a policeman provide period comedy. *Childhood*, which may replace *The Happy Journey*, concerns the macabre games of three older children, also anxious to have their parents "away" (Wilder's euphemism for death in both plays). Using their mother and father as extras, and those inevitable wooden chairs as props, they play at attending the funeral and riding around the world in a bus, finally returning, all dewy-eyed, to the warm suburban hearth. *Someone from Assisi* – the most adult and, therefore, the least successful of the trio – will probably replace nothing. It is a confused illustration of Lust, revolving around the confrontation of St. Francis with an old mistress, now grown wild and demented.

Those who, unlike me, consider Wilder a major writer will probably be baffled by this thin material. But I do not see where *Plays for Bleeker Street* differs essentially from his more ambitious works. The first two playlets, for example, recall the thick sentiment, forced folksiness, and gratuitous experimentation of *Our Town*. Concerned with the frustrations of imaginative children in a world of uninterested adults, they also suggest that Wilder's recurrent idealization of the past is determined by his nostalgia for childhood – misremembered as a time of sexual innocence and spiritual purity – while his enchantment with chairs and other non-illusionistic props is probably based on a fondness for childhood games. As for the third playlet, it recalls Wilder's tendency (*vide* that pseudo-Joycean pageant, *Skin of Our Teeth*) to reduce the complexities of history and literature to the level of a sophomore bull session. Since Wilder's juvenile nostalgia, artistic reductions, and easy affirmations have now become crucial elements in American middlebrow culture, *Plays for Bleeker*

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Street might easily have been renamed *Plays for Broadway*, and transferred, along with the other two works in this discussion, from the minority theater to where it really belongs – thus leaving off-Broadway free to produce authentic works of dramatic art.

ROBERT BRUSTEIN

Correspondence

An Academic Firing

Sirs:

Today I was fired. There are four more days remaining in the semester and when finals are finished I shall be finished as a teacher at Montclair College Prep School. The reason for my dismissal is my letter to *The New Republic* (January 8) and my stand on academic freedom.

Mr. Simpson, the Director of Montclair, claims that since the letter appeared in your publication he has received only one communication regarding the issue – that a letter from the naval commander involved, stating that he was misrepresented. However, in my talk with Mr. Simpson today there were certain undercurrents beneath his remarks which indicated that more pressure was being placed on him than he cared to admit. For instance, at one point in our conversation he stated he could not take a chance on my participation in activities outside the school resulting in unfavorable newspaper headlines. He said that what he was referring to was a rally I went to, supporting a folksinger of subversive repute. I told him that my wife and I did go to a folk concert at the First Unitarian Church in downtown Los Angeles on October 6. The concert was attended by some one thousand people and it was in behalf of the Pete Seeger Civil Liberties Defense Fund and the First Unitarian Church General Fund. Mr. Simpson said that although it was my right to attend and support any such endeavor, the meeting was just the kind which could bring the school a black name if a Montclair teacher were discovered in attendance. I mentioned that it seemed strange that he waited three months to mention his apprehensions about teachers attending such gatherings. He said that it had not seemed important at the time I mentioned to him that I had gone to the concert. What has made it important now remains a mystery.

I had entered Mr. Simpson's office this afternoon to talk about plans and texts for the coming semester and I left without a teaching job. Fortunately, I have immediate prospects for another job through a fellow teacher – I shall become an encyclopedia salesman. Perhaps that's the right place for those of us who are not afraid to love truth. But if you hear of any teaching jobs open for a BA in English and an MA in American Studies let me know. I could get terribly stoop-shouldered carrying encyclopedias from door to door for the rest of my life.

Charles Buell Dow
Woodland Hills, Calif.

Man of Principle

Sirs:

Impertinax's "He Was a Man of Principle" (December 25) was the wildest bit of high-flying humor I head read in some time. I loved every word of it. I particularly enjoyed the column by David Lawrence. Without doubt, the one best way to rid the country of the weirdoes of the Far Right is to laugh them into oblivion.

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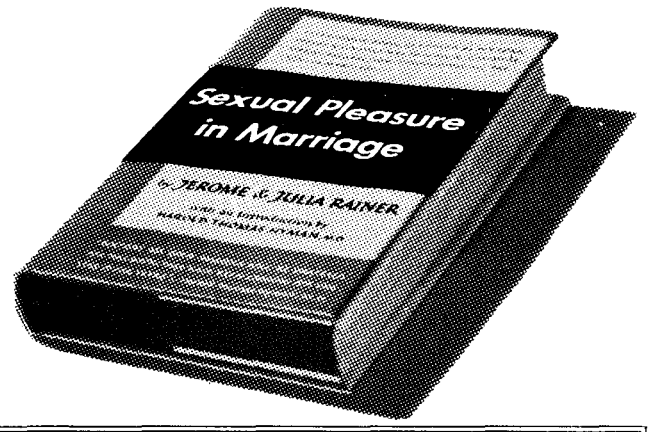

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